Jan. 2, 1965

THE NEW YORKER

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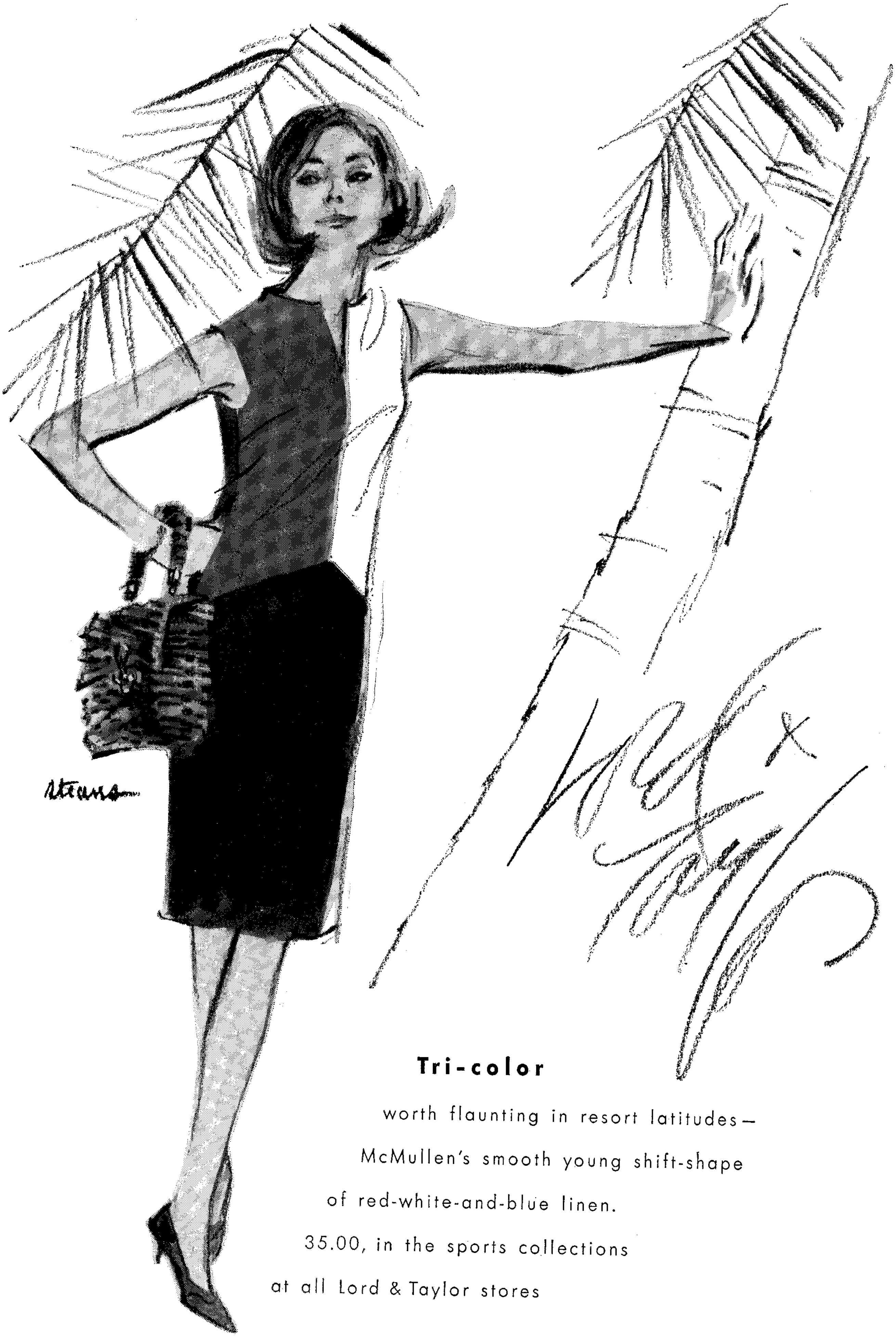
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Absence of a Cello—Droll stuff by Ira Wallach having to do with a freewheeling scientist's attempt to conform to the standards of a stuffy corporation. Fred Clark is splendid as the scientist, and he has plenty of help from an excellent cast. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. May close Saturday, Jan. 2.)

Alfie!—An English beatnik functioning as a Don Juan in southern London. Terence Stamp heads the cast of this dreary comedy by Bill Naughton. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée New Year's Day at 2.)

Beyond the Fringe '65—A four-week return engagement of the English revue, with Donald Cullen, James Valentine, Robert Cessna, and Joel Fabiani. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3. Closes Saturday, Jan. 9.)

Hughie—One of Eugene O'Neill's last plays, in which, in the course of about an hour, Jason Robards sounds off about life and the satisfaction to be gained by maintaining illusions. Mr. Robards is consistently effective, and he is admirably supported by Jack Dodson. José Quintero directed the piece. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9, and Fridays through Sundays at 7 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3. May close Saturday, Jan. 2.)

Luv—Under Mike Nichols' lively direction, Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson make merry as three very confused neurotics in this feathery item by Murray Schisgal. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A two-character comedy by Bill Manhoff that has its amusing moments as it describes the emotional vicissitudes of a stiff-necked would-be author (Alan Alda) and a carefree prostitute (Diana Sands) he has fallen in with. Arthur Storch has directed the play with a lot of verve. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Poor Richard—A fragile but fitfully entertaining comedy about a bibulous English poet who is having a tough time adjusting to life while resident in Greenwich Village. Alan Bates is the poet in this play by Jean Kerr, and he is, for the most part, diverting. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ready When You Are, C. B.!—Strained stuff about an aspiring actress who sublets her Manhattan apartment at an exorbitant fee to a prominent Hollywood performer and winds up madly in love with him. Julie Harris is the girl, and Lou Antonio is the big wheel from the West Coast. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window—Lorraine Hansberry's description of how things are among the Greenwich Village avant-garde intellectuals. Gabriel Dell is the Brustein of the piece, and Rita Moreno, as his wife, and Alice Ghostley, as his stodgy sister-in-law, help him along, as do most of the others in the cast. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Slow Dance on the Killing Ground—A drama by William Hanley that shoots off in all directions in an attempt to make something of the fortuitous meeting in a Brooklyn candy store of a pregnant girl, a Negro youth, who, from the sound of him, is not too well in the head, and the candy-store proprietor, who pretends to be a former victim of the Nazis. Directed by Joseph Anthony, the play has as its entire cast George Rose, Clarence Williams III, and Carolan Daniels. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Subject Was Roses—A tedious account of the vicissitudes of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. Frank D. Gilroy is the author. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Winthrop Ames, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.)

Long Runs—any wednesday: Sandy Dennis, Rosemary Murphy, and Don Porter in a farce, by Muriel Resnik, about a girl who is a rich man's plaything. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **barefoot in the park:** A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller, Robert Reed, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **never too late:** A comedy having to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. With Dennis O'Keefe, Martha Scott, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Tiny Alice—John Gielgud and Irene Worth in Edward Albee's new play. Directed by Alan Schneider. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées this week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Bajour—Jolly gypsies whooping it up around Manhattan. The book was written by Ernest Kinoy, and the music and lyrics are by Walter Marks. The choreography was planned by Peter Gennaro, and such ebullient types as Nancy Dussault, Chita Rivera, Herschel Bernardi, and Robert Burr bounce about to good advantage. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Ben Franklin in Paris—A splendid performance by Robert Preston makes this variation on a lot of old Shubert operettas fairly tolerable. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge, whose wit custom cannot stale, assisted on this occasion by Leonid Hambro, who is a pretty comical fellow himself. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Zero Mostel at his best in a saga based on some Sholom Aleichem tales. The choreography and direction are by Jerome Robbins, and there are nice tunes by Jerry Bock, whose music has lyrics by Sheldon Harnick. Joseph Stein did the adaptation. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Boy—A musical rehash of Clifford Odets's play about a highly sensitive boxer. It comes in very aptly and goes out very aptly, but there are many arid areas in between. The boxer on display is Sammy Davis, and the music and lyrics are by Charles Strouse and Lee Adams, respectively. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Spirits—A musical interpretation of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit," in which Beatrice Lillie cavorts about as a mad, mad medium. Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray wrote the music and lyrics, which are amiable, and Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward also contribute to the generally festive enterprise. Mr. Coward is the director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Had a Ball—Fun and games on Coney Island in a lethargic musical that has a book by Jerome Chodorov and music and lyrics by Jack Lawrence and Stan Freeman. Buddy Hackett, Richard Kiley, Karen Morrow, Steve Roland, and Luba Lisa are conspicuously displayed. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh What a Lovely War—All about the way things were when the War to End Wars was in progress. Sardonic would be the word for this one, and so would hilarious. The cast, directed by Joan Littlewood, is laudable. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 3.)

Zizi—Jeanmaire playing a natural pied piper to

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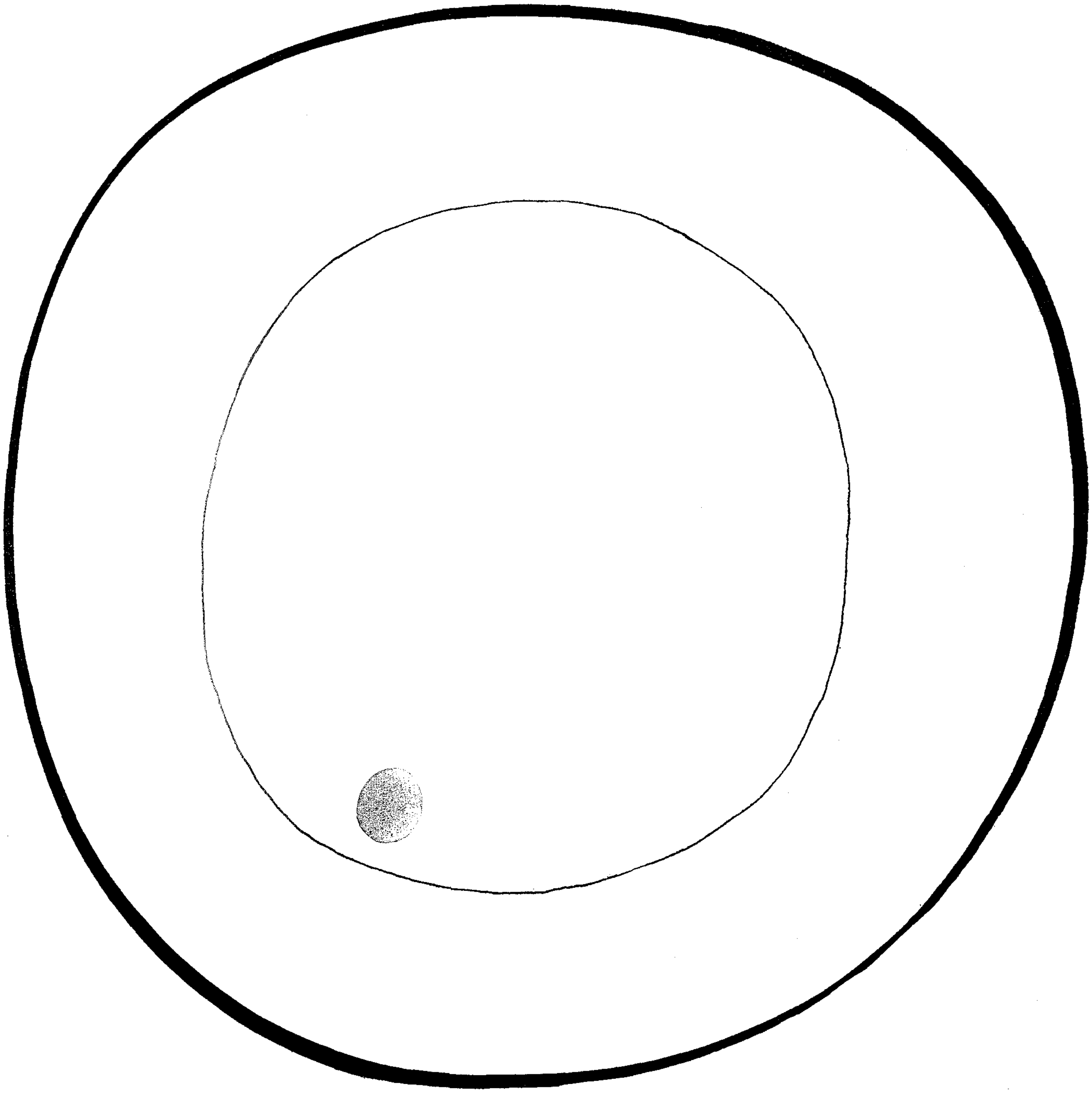

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

an enthusiastic and well-drilled corps de ballet in a musical vaudeville directed by Roland Petit. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 2.)

Long Runs—**funny girl:** Barbra Streisand portraying Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **hello, dolly!:** Carol Channing romping through an adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker." (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **how to succeed in business without really trying:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Ronnie Welsh is the youth on the upswing, and Jeff De Benning is his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **what makes sammy run?:** A musical about a no-good who makes it big in Hollywood. With Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Peterpat—Dick Shawn and Joan Hackett in a two-character comedy by Enid Rudd. Directed by Joe Layton. Previews through Tuesday, Jan. 5. Opens officially on Wednesday, Jan. 6. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—**new york city center light opera company:** Final performances of a two-week holiday revival of Lerner and Loewe's "Brigadoon," with Peter Palmer, Linda Bennett, Scott McKay, Louise O'Brien, and Edward Villella. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 31-Jan. 2, at 2:30 and 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 3, at 1 and 5:30. . . . **polish mime theatre:** A two-week engagement by a company of thirty, appearing here for the first time, in a program consisting of "The Detective," "The Post Office," "The Woman," and "The Book." Opens Tuesday, Jan. 5, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 17. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—"Incident at Vichy," Arthur Miller's belated examination of the processes that sent Jews to horrible slaughter in 1942, when the Nazis were in charge in Vichy, contributes nothing new to the grisly record. However, Joseph Wiseman and David Wayne breathe a bit of animation into the play toward its conclusion. Performances Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8:30; Saturday, Jan. 2, at 2 and 8:30; Sunday, Jan. 3, at 2 and 7:30; and Thursday and Friday, Jan. 7-8, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Molière's "Tartuffe," translated by Richard Wilbur and with Michael O'Sullivan, Hal Holbrook, and Salome Jens, will be the third offering in this season's series of plays. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 5-6, at 8:30, and Saturday, Jan. 9, at 2 and 8:30. Opening Thursday, Jan. 14. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

APA at the Phoenix—Shaw's "Man and Superman" is the first in a series of three plays by this exhilarating company. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Jan. 8-9, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. . . . ¶ Tolstoy's "War and Peace," in an English version by Robert David MacDonald, will be the second offering. Previews Friday, Jan. 8, at 8:30, and Saturday, Jan. 9, at 2:30 and 8:30. Opening Monday, Jan. 11. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

Amato Opera Company—"The Mikado." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays at 8:15 and Saturdays at 2:30 and 8:15.)

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Babes in the Wood—A musical by Rick Besoyan, adapted from Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Child Buyer—An arid melodrama about a state government's investigation of a man who has attempted to purchase a child prodigy for his corporation. Even a good production and a good cast, headed by Paul McGrath, Alan Bunce, John C. Becher, and Lester Rawlins, cannot bring to life this essentially lifeless project. The play was adapted by Paul Shyre from a novel by John Hersey. Produced by the Theatre Guild. (Garrick Theatre, 152 Bleecker St. SP 7-3810. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Cradle Will Rock—A revival of Marc Blitzstein's opera of social protest, which was first done here in 1937. The performances, under Howard Da Silva's direction, are quite good. The opera is another matter. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays—except New Year's Eve and New Year's Day—and Sundays at 8:40, and Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dutchman and **The Zoo Story**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is LeRoi Jones, whose language is as brutal as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving Edward Albee's "The Zoo Story." No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays—except New Year's Day—at 8:40, and Saturdays and New Year's Day at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays—except New Year's Eve—and Sundays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances New Year's Eve at 6 and 9.)

Her Master's Voice—Doro Merande in a revival of Clare Kummer's 1933 comedy. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. LA 4-6731. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3:30.)

In White America—A chronological arrangement of official and private documents recounting the history of the Negro in this country. It may not make a play, exactly, but, as recited and acted by six performers, it certainly makes a dramatic and moving evening. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

Kiss Mama—A comedy about an Italian family in New York that is considerably more amusing and less soggy than its disheartening title might lead you to expect. The script is by George Panetta, Ruth Rawson is the director, and there are fine, funny performances by Francine Beers, Tom Pedi, and Val Bisoglio, and an agreeable straight one by Julius La Rosa. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import, and so is half its cast. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. The show has its ups and downs, many of the ups being provided by the comic acting of Brian Bedford. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

On the Necessity of Being Polygamous—A Brazilian comedy by Silveira Sampaio, translated by Robert Campos. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. New Year's Eve and Saturday at 7 and 10, and Friday at 8:40. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

Othello—Substantially the same production that played in Central Park last summer. James Earl Jones' Moor has its strong points and its weak ones. Bette Henritze, a new recruit to the company, is very good as Emilia. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

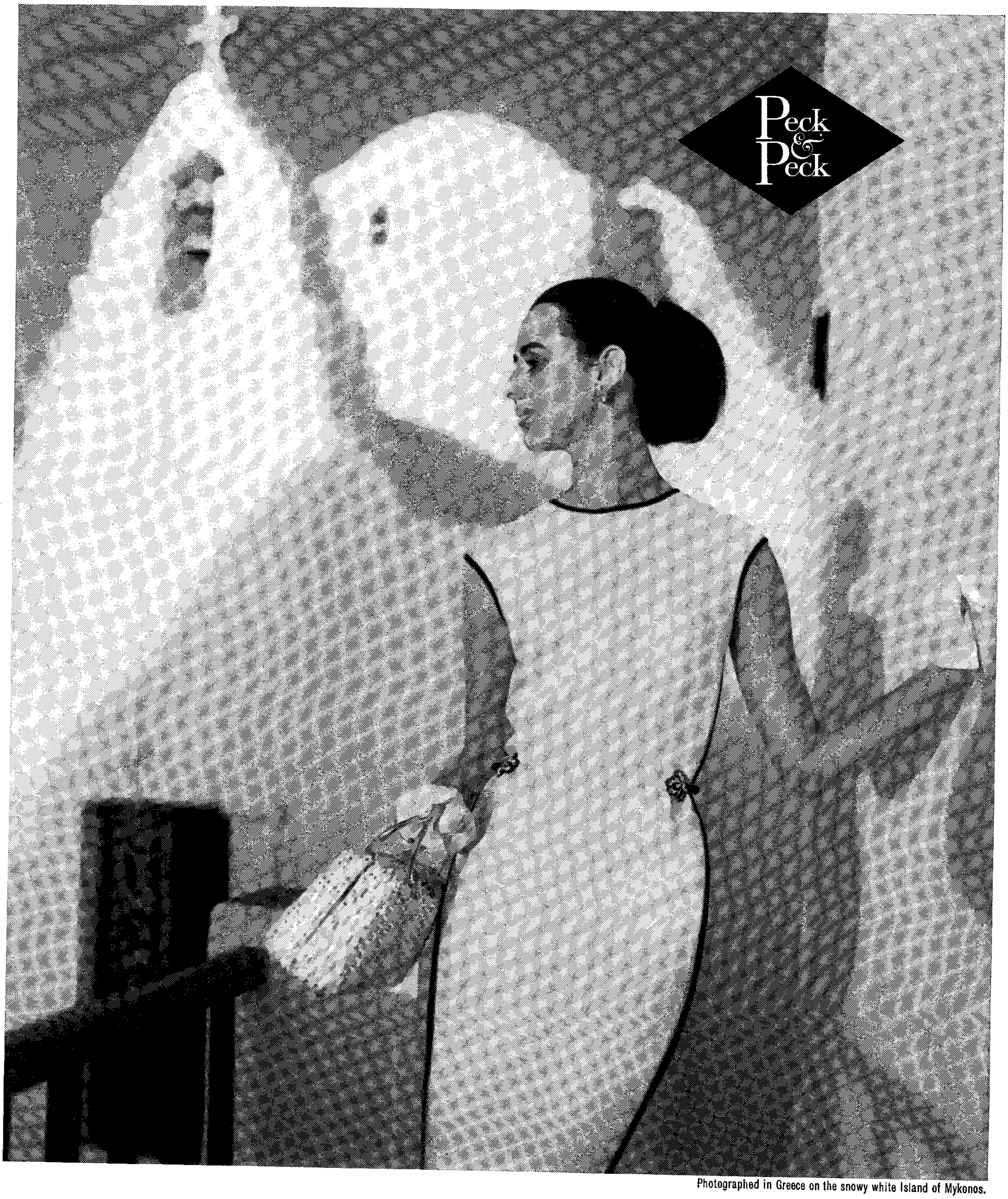
Pictures in the Hallway—A three-week revival of Paul Shyre's adaptation of the second volume of Sean O'Casey's autobiography, with Peggy Wood and Staats Cotsworth. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

Play with a Tiger—A play by Doris Lessing. (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. AL 4-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Room and **A Slight Ache**— Mystery and torment and wildly funny talk are again the ingredients of these brilliant one-act comedies by Harold Pinter. "The Room," his first play, written in 1957, takes place in a dingy rooming house; the country setting for "A Slight Ache" is far more genteel. (Writers' Stage Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Slave and **The Toilet**—These one-act plays by LeRoi Jones constitute an evening of low punches and high-flown or obscene words. Many of the words deal with the antagonism between Negroes and whites, and, valid though they may be, the effect is more numbing than stirring. Al Freeman, Jr., is very good as a crazy poet. Settings by Larry Rivers. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

That 5 A.M. Jazz—A pair of stinging and funny one-act plays by Will Holt. For the second of them, Mr. Holt has written songs that man-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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age to be satiric and tuneful at the same time. The performances are good, too. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. YU 2-4240. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays and New Year's Eve, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Special performances New Year's Eve at 8 and 11:30.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis is the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays—except New Year's Day—and Sundays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—"The Nutcracker": Thursday, Dec. 31, at 12:15 and 5:15; Saturday, Jan. 2, at 2:15 and 8:15; and Sunday, Jan. 3, at 12:15 and 5:15. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 5, at 8:15: "Irish Fantasy," "Dim Lustre," "Ebony Concerto," and "Symphony in C." . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 8:15: "La Sonnambula," "Prodigal Son," "Meditation," and "Firebird." . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8:15: "Ebony Concerto," "Meditation," "Dim Lustre," and "Symphony in C." . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 8, at 8:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Dim Lustre," "Irish Fantasy," and "Fanfare." . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 9, at 2:15: "Western Symphony," "Swan Lake," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Firebird." . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Prodigal Son," "Interplay," and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 21. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)

MISCELLANY

Salzburg Marionette Theatre—Final performances of a three-week engagement of three operas for adults. "Die Fledermaus": Thursday, Dec. 31, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 5-6, all at 8:30. . . . ¶ "The Abduction from the Seraglio": Saturday, Jan. 2, and Friday, Jan. 8, both at 8:30. . . . ¶ "The Magic Flute": Sunday, Jan. 3, at 9, and Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8:30. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536.)

Princeton Triangle Club—A musical, "Grape Expectations," is this year's undergraduate production. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. Saturday, Jan. 2, at 8:30. For tickets, call MU 2-6400.)

ANTA Program—"The Graduation," a one-act play by Patricia Broderick, plus a symposium, presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA as the fourth in this season's series of matinée programs. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Tuesday, Jan. 5, at 2:30. For tickets, call PL 7-4564.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box reopens on Monday, Jan. 4, as the midway of a county fair, offering (at dinner and supper) the likes of Billy Eckstine, singing his head off, and the team of Rowan and Martin, who believe in anything for a laugh. Dance tunes, the best of them by the band of Lee Evans, will be purveyed all evening. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The garden that grows on the walls of the restaurant is filled with flowers that are quite contrary, but all is normal at dance-floor level. George Anaya's assortment of Cuban crooners and bandsmen makes sitting-down music from eight to ten, and then getting-up music from ten to one. The musicians are at liberty on Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—This sceptred isle has been added to the crown jewels of the British Empire, which is always glad these days to pick up another good colony. John Mills, of Les Ambassadeurs and other London enterprises, is the Governor-General. Freddie Jagels' neat little band and Freddy Alonso's Latinists work out in the grand salon; musical machinery, with the bit and the tape in its teeth, does the dance music in the wing called the Garrison; in the Champagne Room, which has no dance floor, a trio does the sound effects. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Red sky at night (sailors' delight), brought about by the enormous supply of plush that upholsters this tribute to the Fall River Line. Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and a bunch of other musicians do dance music (in both past and present tenses) Mondays through Thursdays from seven to twelve, Fridays from eight-thirty to one, and Saturdays from nine to two; all quiet Sundays.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—The Seven Hills, a Roman plaza, has no traffic problems more serious than customers navigating the dance floor to the chortlings of the Quintetto di Roma, a set of noble Romans, among whom is Dino Palermo, whose tenor is rapturous. They are on hand from eight to one or two. On New Year's Eve the band will stick it out all night. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—*Comme il faut* is the house rule in the dignified Café Pierre, where a spunky little Ben Cutler band never calls it a day. Alex Geraldo, the resident guitarist, does, though; he disappears on Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Those who like to bounce to the big, burbling band of Emil Coleman and the frisky band of Mark Monte have the use of the floor in the Persian Room except during two interludes, at dinner and supper, when those who find the routine routines of the Barry Sisters' song festival amusing have *their* fill. On New Year's Eve, the Sisters will show up just once, at twelve-forty-five. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's duo (piano and violin) discourses peacefully in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty except on Mondays; then, at eight, the Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the balmiest part of Europe. Gunnar Hansen's violin (every night but Sunday) furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. . . . ¶ The LeFleur group does another turn, from seven to nine, in the Edwardian Room, for the dinner guests. On New Year's Eve, M. LeFleur will expand into a quartet, for dancing, starting at ten. No music Mondays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—How the world looks at night from the topless towers of Ilium. George Cort's quintet can be heard but not seen on the cocktail deck; it can be danced to on the dining deck. The sound department operates from eight to one. On New Year's Eve, a Dixieland band will be added. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill will have a brief revival, from nine to three on New Year's Eve, as the ancestral home of Guy Lombardo's vast band.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Peter Duchin's fount of inspiration yields balm of Gilead, milk, and honey, on which his big band diets all evening long; Quintero's crew has looked upon Latin music, found it good, and plays it even better. They are in the Maisonette. New Year's Eve, when the Maisonette will not open until ten, will be the final night for the Duchin orchestra. The shop will be shut down on New Year's Day, on Saturday, Jan. 2, and on every Sunday. Across the hall, La Boite, small and cozy and ornate as can be, provides dinner and supper to the strains of Jani Sarkozi's violin and Walter Kay's piano. Closed New Year's Day and Sundays.

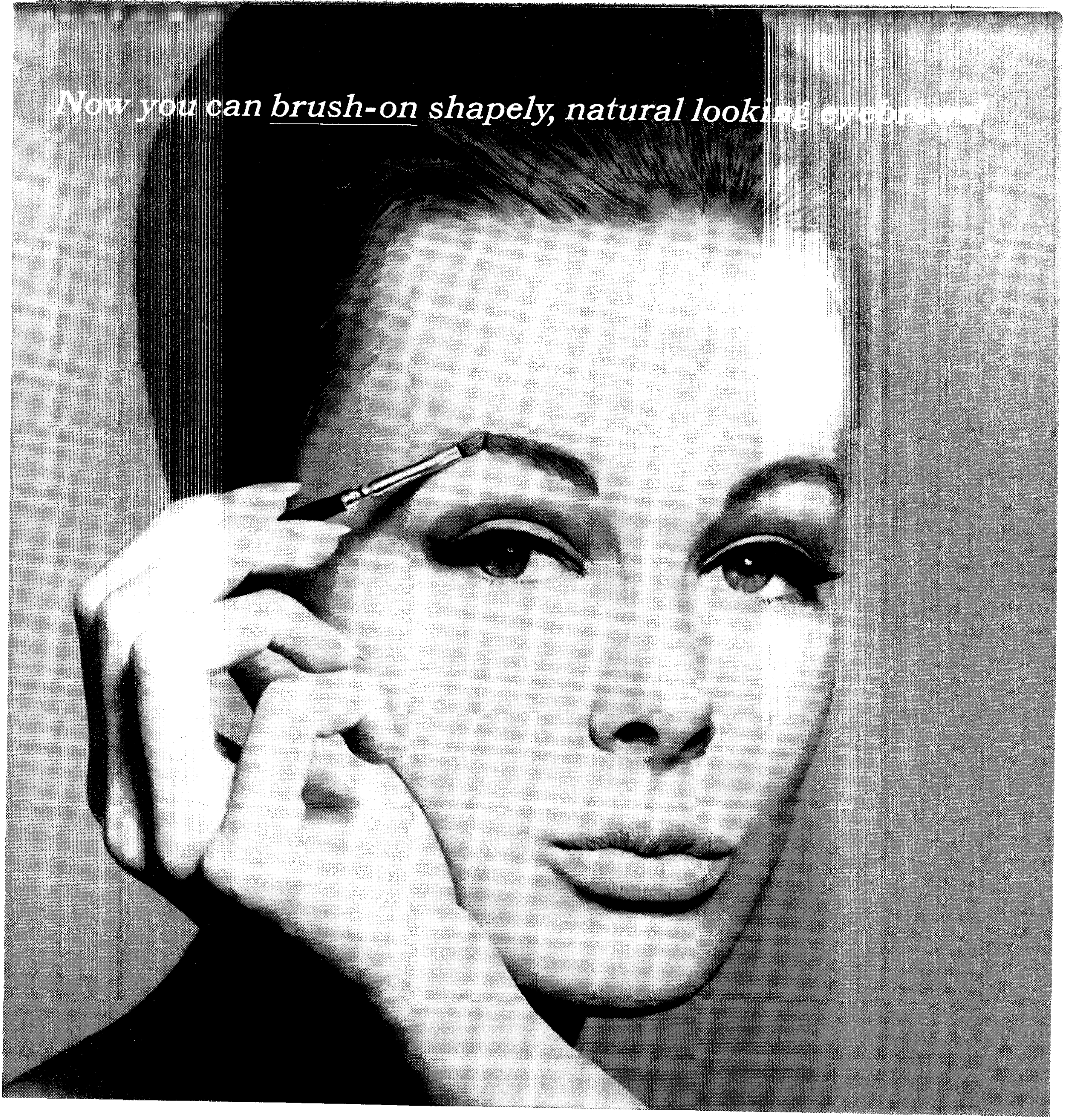
Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—The broken-field running on the dance floor, which gets machine-made music that is as chipper as the hand-made stuff, is one of the seven wonders of the modern world; the stage set is among the seven wonders of the ancient world. Eight to four is the deal.

Note—Roseland Dance City, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The giant, economy-size floor (a hundred and fifty feet long) is polished to within an inch of its life by couples who lead a fairly sedate life. (The Twist and its in-laws have been ruled off this course.) The music, both Latin and local, usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. There are Thursday and Saturday matinées, one-forty-five to six, and Sundays are non-stop, beginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. A potpourri of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven-fifteen. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A coeducational discussion group of all ages keeps steady hours and steady talk at both bar and grill. The moderator is Goldie Hawkins, who plays piano off and on during the evening (Wayne Sanders is his alternate), and then does double piano with Mr. S. after the theatre. Sam Hamilton runs one of the pianos from five-thirty to eight. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day. . . . **In Boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): It's a reasonable guess that the *mise en scène* is Florence, a supposition fortified by the bill of fare and the wine card. The voices that are now and again raised in song are right now inclined, though, toward "My Fair Lady," but on Tuesday, Jan. 5, "La Traviata" should be restored to the throne. Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, a tiny dance band is apt to be present, too. Closed Mondays and New Year's Day. . . . **Le Caprice**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Bobby Short, playboy of what remains of the Western World, is applying supercharged technique to both piano and lyrics in a scene taken from a terribly fashionable spa—quite possibly this year at Marienbad. He checks in at ten-thirty, flanked by Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, his faithful sidemen. There's solo piano, too, from five-thirty until nine, by Jules Kuti in the bar. On New Year's Eve, dancing will be a perquisite as well; it is to begin at eleven. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day. . . . **Café Ambassador**, in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Every *geste* is *beau* in this grandiose assemblage of scenery, in the midst of which Ray Hartley plays seemly piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. . . .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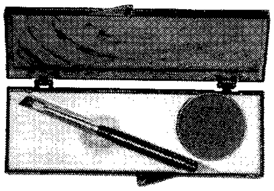

6 shades: Black. Grey. Auburn. Dark, Medium or Light Brown. In tortoise-tone kit with brush.

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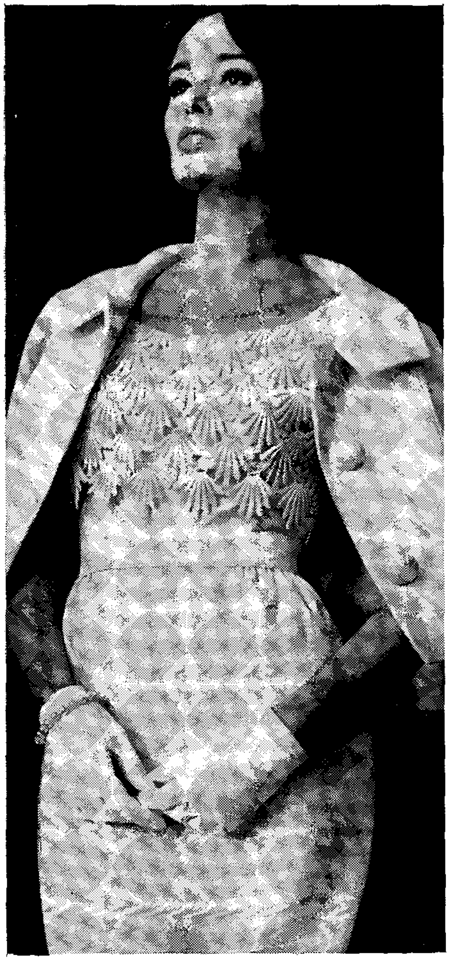
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Fifty civilized ways of dealing with a paramount problem—what on earth to do about your loved one—are set forth in the sad and/or owlish songs of Mabel Mercer, who has seen all, known all. Her seminars, which are on a daily-except-Sunday schedule, begin at ten-thirty, and Sam Hamilton's piano is the perfect background. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The many nimble fingers of Cy Walter make one clean sweep of the keyboard after another without tripping anything but the light fantastic. Six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one are his hours in this dream of Empire. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The fittings of this medieval banqueting hall must certainly represent every bit of King Henri's ransom. Through its pomp and circumstance Norbert Faconi, president emeritus of the League of Romance Violinists, is audible with reasonable frequency every evening but Sunday. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The oldest cottage industry in the Village—one wholly concerned with such handicrafts and footwork as flamenco. Dancing for the diners as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has sat at one piano longer than anyone else in town, makes no bones about his addiction to the show tunes, British and American, that are deservedly imperishable. He gets rolling in the bar of the Hotel Earle at nine. On New Year's Eve, a dance trio will also report for duty, at ten. No music on Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): An ambulatory song fest goes on from six until two every night but Sunday, and so does the chef. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): Seekers of that castle in Spain should find this close-to-home one close to their hearts. In the midst of its restrained majesty, there is handmade guitar music direct from the Spanish Main. The recitals run intermittently from eight to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A similar re-establishment of the Age of Ornamentation, providing room for Andalusian guitar on the same schedule every night but Monday. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Undergraduate practitioners of one or another of the lively arts have turned the room into a Central Casting Office. Three of the office workers play jazz, new school, through the week. Closed New Year's Day. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): The Regency Room cocktail lounge, an accurate replica of the halls of Montezuma, affords—from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday—Rack Godwin, whose piano combines opulence with a very mild Regency rakishness. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Mansion life in Little Old New York, right down to the glass-topped conservatory and a bit of open-air breathing space, is preserved in this restaurant, in whose bar there is piano from five to eight and from nine-thirty to two except Saturdays and Sundays. On New Year's Eve, a small dance band will check in at ten. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The Hungarian rhapsody here involves a mingling of zimbalon, violin, tenor, and soprano, all of them prepared to demonstrate, gently but firmly, that silence is not golden. Béla Babai's band plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): The utterly unassuming Marina Fedorovskaya sings those great big heart-breaking Russian ballads in her contained fashion. Likely as not, the customers join in as a mighty Cossack chorus. Betweentimes, a piano and violin collaborate on kindred tunes. Seven-thirty until two is the extent of the operation. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL SOLE,** 48 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1060): From Glen Cove and Syosset, from St. James and the Hamptons come the customers to visit Ralph Strain, who is playing piano that makes one think of summer sailboating with one's best girl or walking her along a moonlit coral strand. His stretch is seven-thirty to two every night but Sunday and New Year's Day. . . . **LATE EDITION,** in Delmonico's Hotel, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): This neat new split-level apartment is open for inspection, not to mention dinner, at six; Hugh Shannon, a wandering minstrel who has carolled his special songs about the *Weltschmerz* Set over the whole wide *Welt*, sits down to his piano at ten, when supper begins. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN,** Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): Camelot redivivus, and on the fifth floor, which makes the Hudson a very visible front yard. The newest roster of court musicianship reads like this: Daphne Hellman at her harp from seven to ten-thirty every Tuesday; Gladys Hubner, at another harp, and on the same running time, the rest of the week. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar, which is also a grill, gets the precise, pensive piano of Tony Garody from six to one-thirty every evening but Monday, and Enzio Lembo, guitar at the ready, starts in at nine-thirty. He adds lyrics to his music, and he stays home Sundays. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL,** 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): A true museum piece, with flamboyant examples of the lively arts on every wall, in every nook. The aural arts are nurtured by a roving group of singers and musicians, all (like the cuisine) with a Latin flavor. They merrily function from five-thirty to eleven; on Sundays, there are, from one to nine, several perpetually travelling troupes of singers and dancers. On New Year's Day, these groups will do a reprise, from four to nine. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The music in this countinghouse parlor is strawberry jam from the piano of George Feyer, who intersperses homemade jokes among his chords. He is on duty from eight-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was brought up to be a really dizzy sort of soubrette, is showing how it's done, in song and sidelong glance, at dinner through the week and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. A trio produces casual dance music now and again. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Time and tide operate on the Roman calendar, and the tide bears along a six-man troupe of strolling musicians. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Opera is fired, point-blank, as soon as the waiters see the whites of their customers' eyes. Closed Mondays and New Year's Day. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, a split-level living (and dining) room for which "sumptuous" is a fair appraisal, Steven Weltner gives his knowledgeable piano an air that is as much Chopin as it is Gershwin. Five-thirty to midnight is the run of his play. No music Sundays. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Armando, whose favorite turn in the old days was *not* the Volstead Act, is now involved in this operation, and so is Bunty Pendleton, whose romping piano and happy-go-lucky songs have long been absent from Manhattan. Lynn Richards is her alternate at the pianoforte. They take turns from six to eight, and after ten they carry on until they end in a dead heat at three. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Into this Garden of Eden, awash in everything from astounding Amazons to pretty little pony ballerinas, has entered a wily and witty serpent—George Matson, whose caricatures of folly-ridden womankind are tart sauce for the goose of our species. He is amply complemented by François Szony and Nancy Claire, those far-lighter-than-air balletomanes; by the Bal Caron troupe of free-swinging dancers; and by the kilted Dagenham Girl Pipers, a skirling mass of British maidens. Twice a night is the rule, but only at midnight New Year's Eve. Private parties on Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Duke Ellington's mobile Hall of Fame will, through Saturday, Jan. 2, offer such exhibits as himself, Harry Carney, Johnny Hodges, and Cootie Williams, plus quite a few new numbers in the repertory. Jean-Paul Vignon, the young Frenchman who is the singer of the evening, believes that you



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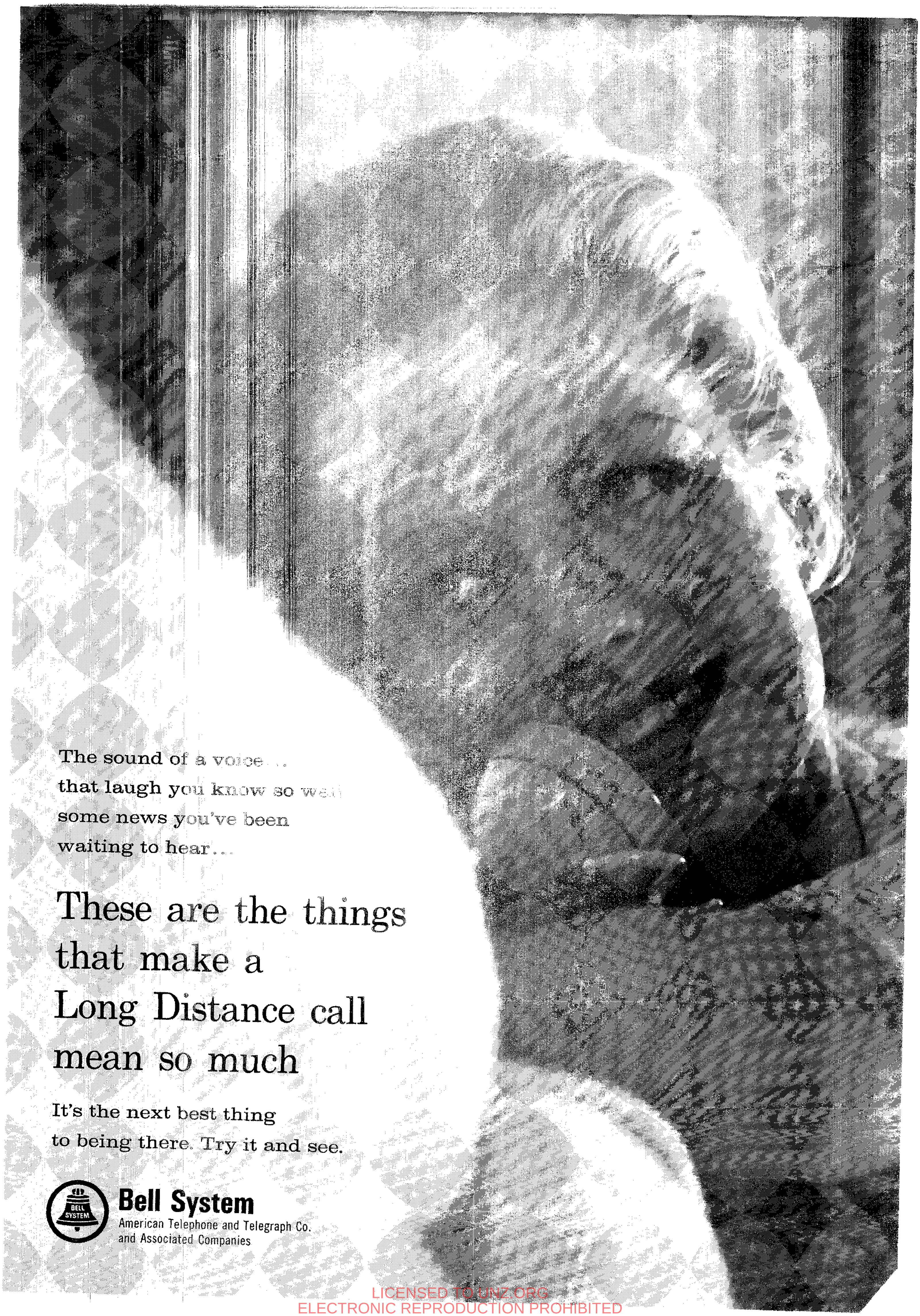

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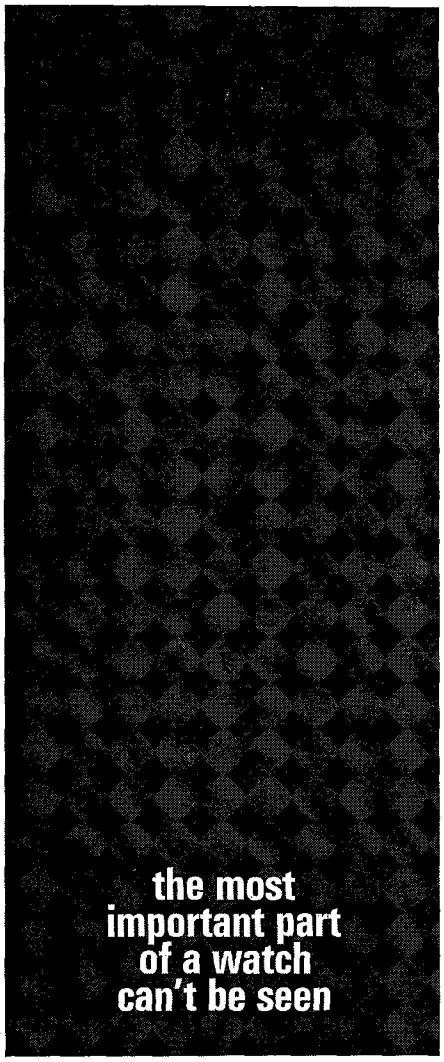

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

can't do a pop tune unless you are a jumping jack. The establishment will be dark from Sunday through Wednesday, Jan. 3-6, but will light up next evening to welcome Miriam Makeba, empress of folk music. Bill Cosby, an in-and-out humorist, and Mongo Santamaria's band will arrive the same night. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Norm Crosby, the speaker here, may not be familiar to all, but his jests most certainly are. Alongside is Lou Monte, whose voice-and-guitar recitals contain jests not likely to be familiar, since they are couched in faultless Genoese argot. On New Year's Eve, when the charades occur only at eleven-thirty and two-thirty, Sammy Davis, our foremost whirling dervish, will be added to this odd mixture. On Thursday, Jan. 7, a new essay: the Mills Brothers, who must be four of the thirteen original colonies, and their group songfests, plus Dave Barry, another standup comedian. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which makes one feel that it is perpetually three o'clock in the morning, there is plenty of jive, jingle, and jangle, part of it done by the foursome of Erskine Hawkins. Ten to four every night is the scheme of things.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): A course in speedwriting (and also speedreading) is given, at nine and eleven-thirty every night but Sunday. (On New Year's Eve, the starting times will be nine and midnight.) The course is handled by Julius Monk's star pupils in "Bits & Pieces, XIV," the fourteenth, the fastest, and the funniest of this entrepreneur's series of treatises upon the world's foibles and frailties. Its Delphic language is managed by Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason, who turn nuance into a fine art, as well as by Jamie Ross, Nagle Jackson, Barbara Minkus, and Nancy Myers, a fine set of junior executives. The pit band is the pianos of Robert Colston and Carl Norman. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Another change of pace, or *pasa doble,* takes place on New Year's Eve, when the current crop of flamencans will be succeeded by a new assortment of dancers, both Spanish and Brazilian, plus Juan Lejido, a troubador seemingly well known in Madrid. They appear at dinner and supper every night except Sunday, when there is one show at ten-thirty and also tea dancing in the afternoon. The customers, often equally expert, can dance at any time, too. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of Spanish love song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The best thing that "The Game Is Up," a miniature revue, does is to restore R. G. Brown and his keen sense of the preposterous to our night life. His principal companions are Carol Morley and Marian Mercer, who have their moments, too. The sketches run the gamut from fair to first-rate. The zero hours are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "Cambridge Circus," the English revue, has been transplanted, along with its six men and solitary girl, from Broadway. Its jocosities, mostly second-*cru* "Beyond the Fringe" stuff, are repeated at eight-thirty most of the week, and at eight-thirty and ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Ray Bryant's terse trio does the music. Mondays are dark. . . . **CAFÉ AU GO GO,** 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530): So far as anyone knows, Oscar Brown, Jr., who puts together all the funny songs and the declarations of independence he sings so well, is still showing up at nine most nights, at nine and twelve on Fridays and Saturdays. Anyway, Sunday, Jan. 3, is definitely his last turn.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mose Allison's threesome, which keeps in touch with the newest developments, is in residence, and so is the quartet of Art Farmer, who does his brave best to keep his horn and the new music bright and shining. They end their run on Sunday, Jan. 3, with a four-thirty matinée and a night session. Monday, Jan. 4, there will be a nine-fifteen Speak-Out, an opinion forum. The next known venture will be the arrival, on Thursday, Jan. 7, of a trio headed by João Gilberto, the Brazilian bossa-nova man. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem, with their up-the-rebels Irish airs; the sextet of Herbie Mann, with its pertinacious Caribbean rhythm; and Letta M'bulo, a South African soprano full of charm and chortle, all depart on Sunday, Jan. 3. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 8-9, the emporium will reopen to house Tito Puente's mighty Latin band. On New Year's Eve, by the way, there will be dancing after eleven-thirty. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Far and away the best of the Village coffeehouses. Its specialty is folk music, about which there can be no complaints when it's done by young Mike Settle or the Bitter End Singers. Dick Cavett, an experimenting new humorist, is around, too. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting undergraduates. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): A furnace forever on the verge of blasting. Assault-and-battery noise prevails from three in the afternoon until eight-thirty; then a good-old-days band run by Max Kaminsky and a firebrand group run by Red Allen take the stand. The Allens will be replaced on Monday, Jan. 4, by the sextet of Conrad Janis, in which Johnny Windhurst and Kenny Laverne will be prominent. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Woody Herman's harum-scarum new Herd has fifteen men on its roster, and few other bands can make that claim today. Wynton Kelly's trio is the rest of the deal. Jam sessions happen on Mondays, when the regulars lay off. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The home of the hero sandwich and the most intense forms of the new jazz. Right now, the quintet of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn is indulging itself in expert counterpoint and interplay. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Teddy Wilson's triad is delivering its even-tempered threnodies, and there is great comfort in the ease with which they pour forth; Roland Kirk, undefeated by his inability to operate more than three horns simultaneously, carries on at the helm of a quartet. Sunday, Jan. 3, is the last night for the Wilsons. New Year's Eve, there will be dance music, too. Mondays, when the regulars lay off, the Upper Bohemia Six, in which Larry Rivers is involved, exhibits its semiprofessional prowess. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The color that Mary Lou Williams, a pride and joy in the art of playing any sort of piano, flies these nights is the pink of perfection. Two sidemen do their best to keep up with her. John Bunch, the intermission pianist, also leans toward self-expression. No music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The immutable laws of traditional music are honored in the observance here. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown are the layers down of these laws. No sound on Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A very contemporary youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists (the Banjokers is the guileless name they've chosen) eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): A music stand whose blampety-blamp band (tuba, washboard, banjo, and all that) may be waiting for the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria, so venerable are the grotesqueries that carefreely issue from it. Here, too, the accent of the populace is on youth. Eight until two or three all week is the curriculum. Sundays, Dixieland has its say from four-thirty to eight-thirty. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Joe Mooney is shouting (but softly, intricately, and even weirdly) from the rooftops as he does jazz touches on an organ and a piano. He begins at ten, and the place is closed Sundays and New Year's Day. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Peanuts Hucko keeps changing the cast of his steeped-in-tradition band, but it is plausible that among his current crop of assistants you will find Cutty Cutshall, Cliff Leeman, and Yank Lawson. Dancing. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day. . . . **BROKEN DRUM,** 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): Wilbur de Paris is conducting a warm and rackety band (Sidney de Paris is also in it) that declares its faith in the past. Dancing every night. Closed Mondays. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT,** 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): It looks like midsummer on Nantucket, and no one at the tables or on the dance floor, it would seem, is allowed to be over twenty-four. The music goes on from nine-thirty until four, and on Sundays it's given an extra Twist and turn.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed New Year's Day.)

GALLERIES

ARMAN—Pop art; through Jan. 23. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

MAX BECKMANN—An exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and drawings that is running simultaneously with the showing of his works at the Museum of Modern Art; through Jan. 30. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALBERT CHRIST-JANER—Semi-abstract watercolors of landscapes and seascapes; through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

EMLEN ETTING—Drawings done over the past twenty-five years; through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

MATTA—Bronzes by this Paris artist better known for his paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

GRANDMA MOSES—Paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

MARIA POTOCKA—Watercolors by a Polish artist; through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

WALTER STEIN—Figures and flowers; through Jan. 12. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Jan. 2.)

PETER TAKAL—Drawings; through Jan. 30. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

FRANCISCO TOLEDO—Watercolors and oils by a Mexican Indian who lives in Paris; through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

IAN WOODNER—Watercolors; through Saturday, Jan. 2. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

THE SCULPTOR AND THE ARCHITECT—Elevations, blueprints, photomurals, drawings, and models of sculptures illustrating how sculptors and architects (such as Harry Bertoia, Minoru Yamasaki, Antoni Gaudí, George Rickey, and Victor Gruen) work together; through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

AFRICAN ART—"Old African Tribal Sculptures," an exhibit containing masks, statues, and utensils (in wood, ivory, and brass) used in religious and magical ceremonies; through Jan. 30. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOW—Oils and watercolors by Childe Hassam, Ogden Pleissner, Stephen Etnier, and others; through Jan. 30. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Jan. 2.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HAHN,** 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: French paintings of the nineteenth century, "From Delacroix to Monet;" through Jan. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LEFEBRE,** 47 E. 77th St.: Etchings and lithographs by four members of the Cobra group—Pierre Alechinsky, Corneille, Asger Jorn, and Henry Heerup; through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PACE,** 9 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso, Giacometti, Henry Moore, and other modern masters; through Saturday, Jan. 2.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Ancient Peruvian Ceramics," an exhibition of pre-Columbian pottery from the Nathan Cummings Collection. . . . ¶ "Aesop, Five Centuries of Illustrated Fables," a display of illustrations beginning with anonymous fifteenth-century woodcuts and ending with prints by Antonio Frasconi. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A travelling retrospective of paintings, drawings, and prints by the German Expressionist Max Beckmann; through Jan. 31. A good complement to this exhibition is the Beckmann showing at the Catherine Viviano Gallery, 42 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ "Architecture Without Architects," examples from sixty countries, ranging from undatable past to present and including underground villages, cliff dwellings, storage fortresses, and amphitheatres; through Feb. 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Dec. 31, until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Francesco Bassano's "Adoration of the Shepherds," painted between 1580 and 1590, on loan for the Christmas season from the Kunsthistorisches Museum, in Vienna; through Sunday, Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Fifty twentieth-century Japanese prints; through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—"Robert Henri and His Circle," an exhibit celebrating the hundredth anniversary of Henri's birth, in which his paintings are supplemented by those of, among others, George Bellows, William Glackens, and George Luks; through Jan. 10. (Daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 2 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—"Genoese Painters from Cambiaso to Magnasco," a show covering the period 1550 to 1750; through Jan. 31. (Daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—"The Beach, the Burlesque, and the Bowery," an exhibition of paintings, drawings, and prints by Reginald Marsh, marking the tenth anniversary of his death, through Jan. 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of some three hundred items by Alexander Calder. Along with the mobiles and stabiles, there are line drawings, toys, wire sculptures, jewelry, wood carvings, bronze figures, abstract constructions, mechanized objects, tapestries, and paintings. Through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ "The Shaped Canvas," consisting of twenty-six paintings by Paul Feeley, Sven Lukin, Richard Smith, Frank Stella, and Neil Williams; through Sunday, Jan. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Dec. 31, until 9; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Art Israel: Twenty-six Painters and Sculptors," a travelling exhibit of works by contemporary Israeli artists; through Jan. 24. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 5; Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, except New Year's Day, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Drawings of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries from the Wallraf-Richartz Museum, in Cologne; through Saturday, Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Rembrandt etchings, landscapes, and self-portraits; through Jan. 15. (Weekdays, except New Year's Day, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Amusements" is the name of a show made up of toys, constructions, books, figures, dolls, paintings, and other things to look at and play with; through Jan. 17. (Weekdays, except New Year's Day, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Santos—The Religious Folk Art of New Mexico," an exhibition of sculptures and paintings on loan from the Taylor Museum of the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center; through Jan. 17. (Daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"African Sculpture from the Collection of Jay C. Leff," a display of objects from more than thirty West African tribes. There are Ashanti brass figures, Bambara antelope headpieces, Benin court jewelry, and Senuto and Dogon masks. Through Feb. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1964 Annual of Contemporary American Sculp-

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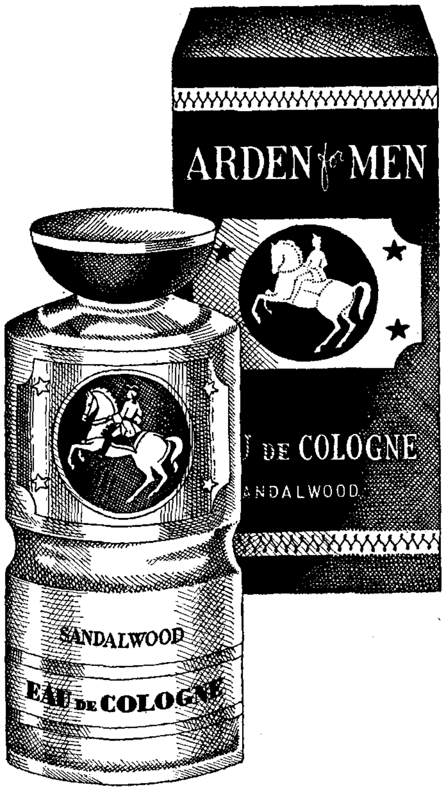

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ture, an invitation show, comprising a work apiece by a hundred and twenty-three artists, among them Alexander Calder, Costantino Nivola, and David Smith; through Jan. 31. (Daily, except New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Dec. 31: "The Last Savage," with Roberta Peters, Lili Chookasian, Teresa Stratas, George London, John Alexander, Donald Gramm, and Morley Meredith. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 1: "Manon," with Mary Costa, Nicolai Gedda, Frank Guarrera, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan 2: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lisa Della Casa, Judith Raskin, Teresa Stratas, Gladys Kriese, Giorgio Tozzi, Hermann Prey, and Elfego Esparza. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 2: "Aïda," with Leontyne Price, Irene Dalis, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, Ezio Flagello, and Justino Díaz. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 4: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Anna Moffo, Carlo Bergonzi, Anselmo Colzani, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Charles Anthony. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 5: "Falstaff," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Lili Chookasian, Judith Raskin, Mildred Miller, Fernando Corena, Luigi Alva, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 6: "Simon Boccanegra," with Renata Tebaldi, Anselmo Colzani, Giuseppe Campora, Giorgio Tozzi, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 7: "The Last Savage," with Roberta Peters, Teresa Stratas, Lili Chookasian, George London, John Alexander, Donald Gramm, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 8: "Aïda," with Leontyne Price, Irene Dalis, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, Ezio Flagello, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 9: "Les Sylphides," danced by the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; and "Don Pasquale," with Roberta Peters, Fernando Corena, Luigi Alva, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 9: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Lucine Amara, Biserka Cvejic, Laurel Hurley, Janis Martin, John Alexander, William Dooley, and Andrea Velis. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Thomas Schippers conducting—Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 1, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 2, at 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 3, at 3 (all with Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano); and Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 8, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 10, at 3 (all with Mr. Schippers and Barbara Blegen as piano soloists).

American Opera Society—Richard Bonynge directing the first performances here of Handel's "Alcina" in concert form, with Joan Sutherland and Margreta Elkins, sopranos; Monica Sinclair, contralto; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 3, and Tuesday, Jan. 5, both at 8.)

Festival Orchestra of New York—Thomas Dunn conducting a Haydn-Satie program, with Hugues Cuénod, tenor. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Jan. 8, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Hermann Prey, baritone, and John McCollum, tenor. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 9-10, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Ferrante and Teicher—Duo piano, in a benefit pop concert, with seventy-five members of the New York Philharmonic directed by Arthur Fiedler. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 5, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 8:30, with Walter Trampler, viola, and Benar Heifetz, cello. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 8, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Leon Fleisher and Tossy Spivakovsky—The first in a series of three recitals of Beethoven sonatas for piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The Juilliard String Quartet. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Jan. 8, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays.)

Marian Anderson—Contralto. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

Giuseppe Di Stefano—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Lotte Lenya—In a Kurt Weill program, including a German concert version of "The Threepenny Opera," with an orchestra conducted by Milton Rosenstock and soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 8, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Jan. 1, at 8:30: Knicks vs. San Francisco. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 5, at 6:30: Detroit vs. St. Louis and Knicks vs. Cincinnati. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Detroit.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Jan. 3, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Boston.

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

Opera and Operetta—Operas-in-Brief, presented by the Amato Opera Company. Thursday, Dec. 31, at 2:30: "Cinderella." . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 2, at 2:30: "The Mikado." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200.)

Salzburg Marionette Theatre—Final children's performances of a three-week engagement. "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Thursday, Dec. 31, at 1, and Sunday, Jan. 3, at 5. . . . ¶ "Rumpelstiltskin," Saturday, Jan. 2, at 1 and 4, and Sunday, Jan. 3, at 2. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536.)

Stage Shows—At the GRAMERCY ARTS THEATRE: "Merlin and the Singing Stone." (138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Saturdays and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 31-Jan. 1, at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 11 and 1.) . . . HARNICK-ADAMS PRODUCTIONS: "Young Tom Edison." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Jan. 3, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . JAN HUS CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "The Adventures of Pinocchio." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3, and Thursday, Dec. 31, at 11, 1:30, and 3.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . MARTINIQUE THEATRE: "Rumpelstiltskin." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays and Thursday, Dec. 31, at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . MERRI-MIMES: "Cinderella." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Thursday, Dec. 31, at 1 and 2:30.) . . . MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "The Three Musketeers." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday, Dec. 31, all at 1:50 and 3:30.) . . . ¶ "Treasure Island." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. LA 4-6731. Saturdays and Thursday, Dec. 31, at 1:50 and 3:30, and Sunday, Jan. 3, at 1:30.) . . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Fortunately." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . PENCIL BOX PRODUCTIONS: "Fee Fi Fo Fum." (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Thursday, Dec. 31, at 2, and Saturday, Jan. 2, at

3.) . . . PEPPERMINT PLAYERS: "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 31-Jan. 2, at 1 and 2:30, and Sunday, Jan. 3, at 1.) . . . PICKWICK PUPPET THEATRE: "The Nutcracker Suite" and "The Little Fir Tree." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Thursday, Dec. 31, at 1, and Saturday, Jan. 2, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672. Children under five not admitted.) . . . PLAYERS THEATRE: "Glittertind." (115 Macdougal St. 677-9911. Saturdays at 11, 1, and 3; Sundays at 12:30; and Thursday, Dec. 31, and New Year's Day at 1.) . . . SPYGLASS PRODUCTIONS: "Treasure Island." (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30, and Sundays at 12:30.) . . . STAGE 73: "The Enchanted Forest." Saturdays at 1:30 and Sundays and New Year's Day at 3. . . . ¶ "The Absent-Minded Dragon," Saturdays and Thursday, Dec. 31, at 3, and Sundays at 1:30. (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500.) . . . TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "Pinocchio." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Thursday, Dec. 31, at 11 and 1. Children under five not admitted.) . . . ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE: "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 2:30.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "The Skies of Christmas Past." Starting Tuesday, Jan. 5, there will be a new show, "The Earth's Unending Journey." (Thursday, Dec. 31, at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4, and New Year's Day at 1, 2:30, and 4. Thereafter Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

MOVIES—"Yanco," a Mexican film. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Dec. 31, and Saturday, Jan. 2, at 2:30.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and on Thursday, Dec. 31, and New Year's Day from 10 to 12.

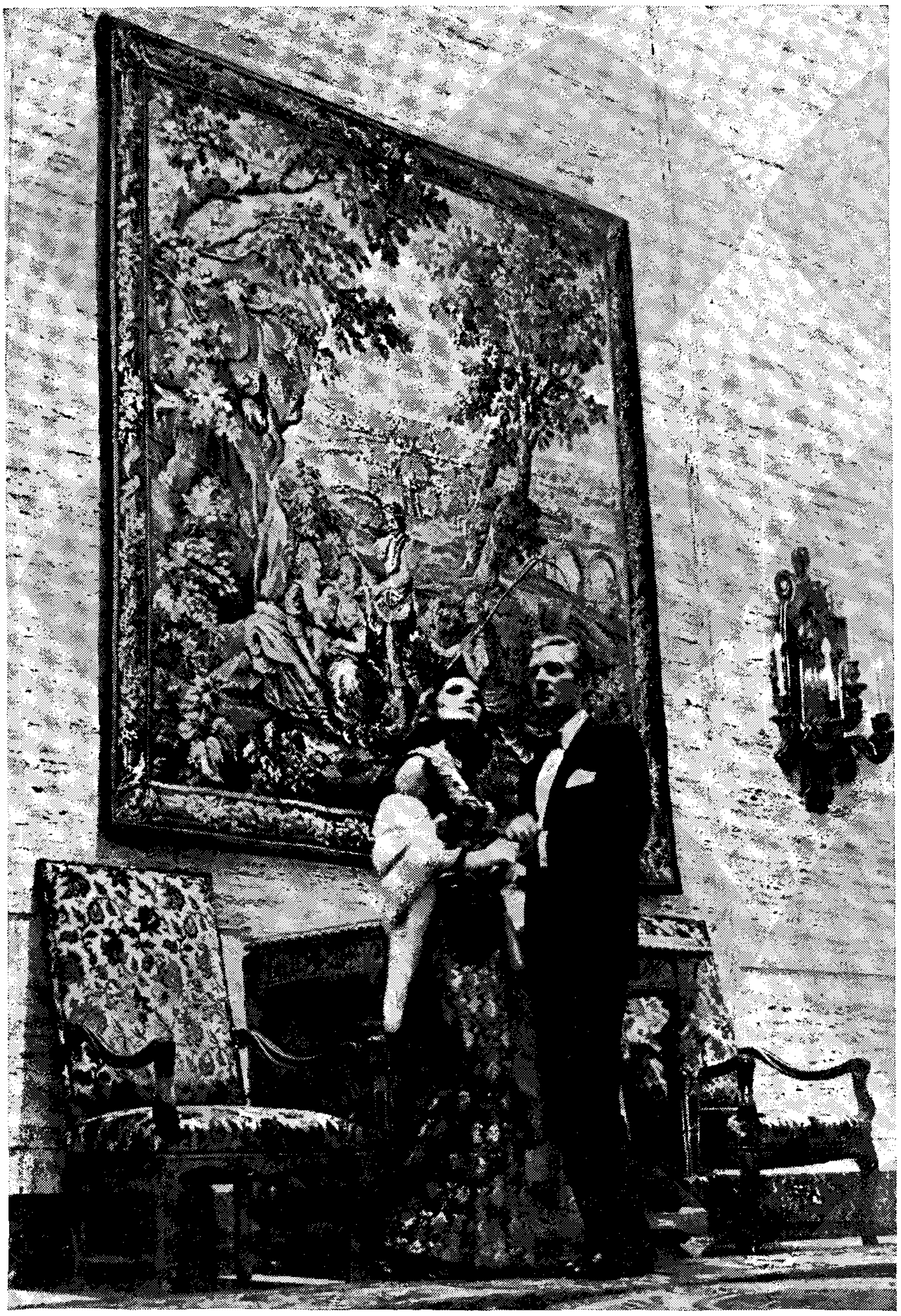
OTHER EVENTS

PRESIDENT JOHNSON—Delivering his State of the Union message to a joint session of Congress on Monday, Jan. 4, at 9 P.M. The speech will be carried by all major radio and television networks.

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on New Year's Day. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily, except New Year's Day.

POETRY READINGS—Jean Garrigue and Richard Eberhart reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, Jan. 4, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Alan Dugan and Richard Murphy reading from their own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7; and Wednesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Jan. 8-9, at 1:45: English furniture, Staffordshire and other lustreware, silver, rugs, and Royal Worcester porcelain bird statuettes and flowers modelled by Dorothy Doughty; from the estate of Sheldon M. Stewart and from other sources.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Becket—The witty tragicomedy by Jean Anouilh has been brought to the screen with surprising success. Richard Burton plays the murdered bishop, and Peter O'Toole plays Henry II. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Jan. 3-5.)

Fail Safe—A grand thriller, which had better be based on a false premise. With Henry Fonda, Frank Overton, and Walter Matthau, and directed by Sidney Lumet. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Jan. 5, tentative.)

Girl with Green Eyes—A sad and funny tale of love and the pain of growing up, with Rita Tushingham as the heroine and Dublin as the setting. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Jan. 6.)

Goldfinger—More nervy nonsense about James Bond, the fearless but thoroughly inept secret agent. Sean Connery is, as usual, splendid as Bond, and Gert Frobe is the rufous villain. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

Mary Poppins—This should have been called Mary Marzipan. With Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

My Fair Lady—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays, except New Year's Eve, at 8:30; Sundays at 8; and New Year's Eve at 8 and midnight. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 31-Jan. 1, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

One Potato, Two Potato—This story of the courtship and marriage of a Negro and a white divorcée with a child is weakened by a dull, mawkish script, but Bernie Hamilton gives a fine performance as the hero, and Painesville, Ohio, where the movie was photographed, is certainly a lovely town to look at. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Jan. 6.)

The Pumpkin Eater—Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, Maggie Smith, and James Mason in a fascinating study of a woman who has everything and, it appears, nothing. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon—A wonderfully well-acted thriller, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough as, respectively, a half-mad medium and her timorous husband. The scene is in and around London. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Showings Sundays through Fridays at 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10, and Saturdays at 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, and 11. Extra performance New Year's Eve at midnight. No one will be admitted after the film starts.)

The Servant—Dirk Bogarde is brilliant as the wicked man of all work in the home of an upper-class young man who begins as a master and ends as a slave. Also in the cast are James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles. Directed by Joseph Losey. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting Jan. 6.)

A Shot in the Dark—Peter Sellers being very droll as a French police inspector more incompetent than most. The movie was made under the skilled direction of Blake Edwards, who also collaborated on the script. Everybody involved should be warmly congratulated. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Jan. 3.)

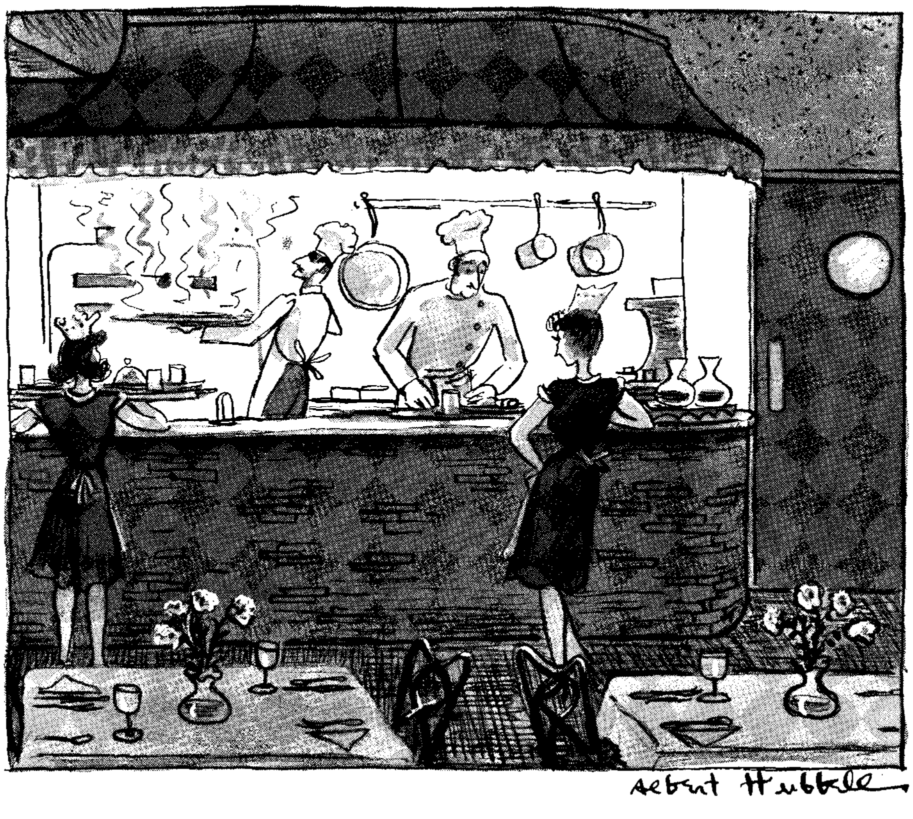
The Soft Skin—The wages of sin is death, but one hardly expected François Truffaut to say so. A beautiful study of a wretched marital mixup, with Jean Desailly, Nelly Benedetti, and Françoise Dorleac. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Jan. 2.)

Topkapi—A band of clever thieves (Melina Mercouri, Maximilian Schell, Robert Morley) and a born bungler (Peter Ustinov) steal gems and crack jokes in old Istanbul. Directed by Jules Dassin. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Jan. 3.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy, with music by Michel Legrand, and starring Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

World Without Sun—Jacques-Yves Cousteau shows us the beauty and oddity of life underwater. Recommended for Cousteau-philes, disrecommended for claustrophobes. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Zorba the Greek—A violent old man tries to teach a tame young one about life and doesn't succeed, but no matter. The old man is played by Anthony Quinn, the young one by Alan Bates, and the setting is the harshly beautiful island of Crete. Michael Cacoyannis directed. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)



REVIVALS

La Belle Américaine (1961)—A French comedy, starring Robert Dhéry, Colette Brosset, and a huge American car—the beauty referred to in the title. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Jan. 4.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Jan. 1-3.)

The Conjugal Bed (1963)—An account of what happens to a forty-two-year-old Don Juan when a chaste virgin consents to marry him. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 5.)

The Day the Earth Caught Fire (1962)—An English thriller, laid in a future that, thanks to our having set off too many bombs, threatens not to last very long. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Dec. 31.)

The L-Shaped Room (1963)—An English tale of star-crossed lovers, one of them French. Leslie Caron is the girl, and Tom Bell is the boy. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 5.)

Monkey in Winter (1963)—Jean Gabin and Jean-Paul Belmondo in a French picture about drink, loneliness, Channel weather, and dreams. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Jan. 6.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers cutting up in the musical world. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 1-2.)

On the Double (1961)—Danny Kaye as a nervous G.I. who is forced to impersonate a British general. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Jan. 5.)

Quo Vadis (1951)—Christians vs. pagans in a first-century bout. Robert Taylor and some thirty thousand others. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Jan. 6.)

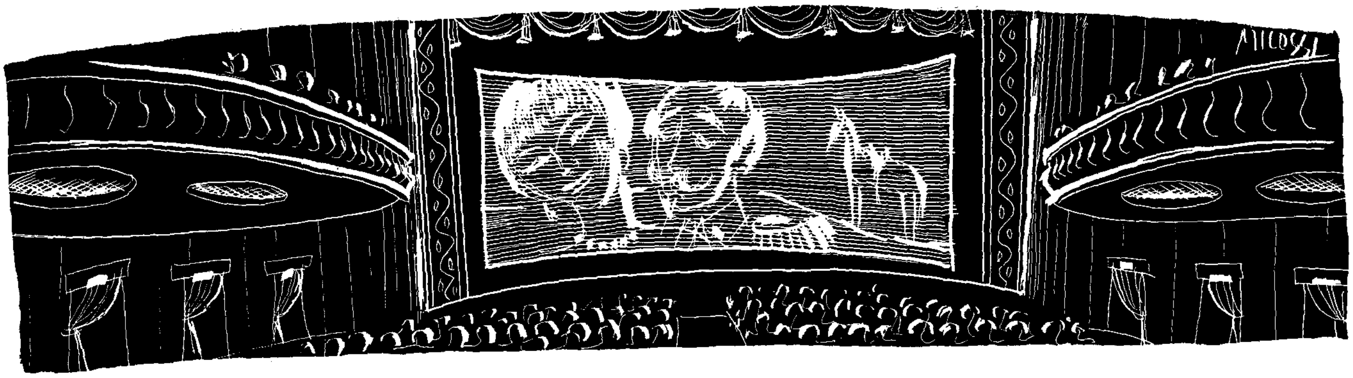
Sullivan's Travels (1942)—Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake in a Preston Sturges comedy. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 3-4.)

The V.I.P.s (1963)—Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Margaret Rutherford, and Louis Jourdan are all trapped by a sudden fog at the London Airport. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Jan. 6.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—Circus life, with W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, and Charlie McCarthy. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 1-2.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Films of Billy Wilder"—Through Jan. 2: "The Major and the Minor" (1942), with Ginger Rogers and Ray Milland. . . . ¶ Jan. 3-6: "Five Graves to Cairo" (1943), with Franchot Tone and Akim Tamiroff. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, except Thursday, Dec. 31, when there will be just one showing, at 3. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES



THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Kiss Me, Stupid," Dean Martin, Kim Novak.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Cheyenne Autumn," Richard Widmark, Carroll Baker. (Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Saturdays, Sundays, and New Year's Day at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursday, Dec. 31, at 2:30; Saturdays at 2; and Sundays and New Year's Day at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
GOLDFINGER.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Father Goose," Cary Grant, Leslie Caron.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Emil and the Detectives," Walter Slezak, Bryan Russell.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Send Me No Flowers," Rock Hudson, Doris Day; and "Taggart," Tony Young, Dan Duryea.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Sex and the Single Girl," Tony Curtis, Natalie Wood.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Pleasure Seekers," Ann-Margret, Carol Lynley.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"The Hidden Fortress" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," Spencer Tracy.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Mediterranean Holiday," a documentary film about a Scandinavian training ship.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE PUMPKIN EATER.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
"The Terrace" (in Spanish).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 5: **TOPKAPI.**
From Jan. 6: **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**; and another feature, to be announced.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Jan. 5 (tentative): **FAIL SAFE**; and "Behold a Pale Horse," Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn.
From Jan. 6: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"To Love" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Jan. 5: **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES.**
From Jan. 6: **THE SERVANT.**

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Sex and the Single Girl," Tony Curtis, Natalie Wood.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Kiss Me, Stupid," Dean Martin, Kim Novak.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				31	1	2
3	4	5	6			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Send Me No Flowers," Rock Hudson, Doris Day; and "Taggart," Tony Young, Dan Duryea.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," Spencer Tracy.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Rattle of a Simple Man," Diane Cilento, Harry H. Corbett.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
GOLDFINGER.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Nothing but a Man," Ivan Dixon, Abbey Lincoln.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
WORLD WITHOUT SUN.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Dec. 31: **THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE**, revival; and "Journey to the Center of the Earth," revival, Pat Boone, James Mason.
Jan. 1-3: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and "Public Enemy," revival, James Cagney, Jean Harlow.
Jan. 4: **LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE** and "Rules of the Game" (both in French and both revivals).
From Jan. 5: "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Guns of August," a documentary film on the First World War.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
TOPKAPI.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"The Pleasure Seekers," Ann-Margret, Carol Lynley.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Jan. 5: **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES.**
From Jan. 6: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Send Me No Flowers," Rock Hudson, Doris Day; and "Taggart," Tony Young, Dan Duryea.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
"Nine Days of One Year" (in Russian).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Jan. 2: **TOPKAPI.**
Jan. 3-5: **BECKET.**
From Jan. 6: **MONKEY IN WINTER** (in French), revival; and "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 2: **THE SOFT SKIN** (in French).
From Jan. 3: **TOPKAPI**; and **A SHOT IN THE DARK.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), Eiji Okada.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Jan. 5: "The Disorderly Orderly," Jerry Lewis; and "The Five Pennies," revival, Danny Kaye, Barbara Bel Geddes.
From Jan. 6: **QUO VADIS**, revival.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Jan. 5: **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**; and "A Game for Six Lovers" (in French).
From Jan. 6: **ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO**; and "Crooks Anonymous," revival, Wilfrid Hyde White.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Emil and the Detectives," Walter Slezak, Bryan Russell.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Last Woman of Shang" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
MARY POPPINS.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Tchaikovsky's "Yolanta" (in Russian).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Contempt" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Sweet and Sour" (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Dec. 31: "Love Me Tonight," revival, Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald; and "Gold Diggers of 1935," revival, Alice Brady, Hugh Herbert.
Jan. 1-2: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival; and **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN**, revival.
Jan. 3-4: **SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS**, revival; and "I'm No Angel," revival, Mae West, Cary Grant.
Jan. 5-6: "Palm Beach Story," revival, Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea; and "Easy Living," revival, Jean Arthur, Edward Arnold.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 5: **TOPKAPI**; and **ON THE DOUBLE**, revival.
From Jan. 6: **THE V.I.P.S**, revival; and "The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 31: "Don Quixote," revival, Feodor Chaliapin; and "Cyrano de Bergerac," revival, José Ferrer, Mala Powers.
Jan. 1-4: "Vitelloni" (in Italian), revival, Alberto Sordi, Franco Fabrizi; and "The White Sheik" (in Italian), revival, Alberto Sordi.
From Jan. 5: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM**, revival; and **THE CONJUGAL BED** (in Italian), revival.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Jan. 5: **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**; and "A Game for Six Lovers" (in French).
From Jan. 6: **ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO**; and "Crooks Anonymous," revival, Wilfrid Hyde White.

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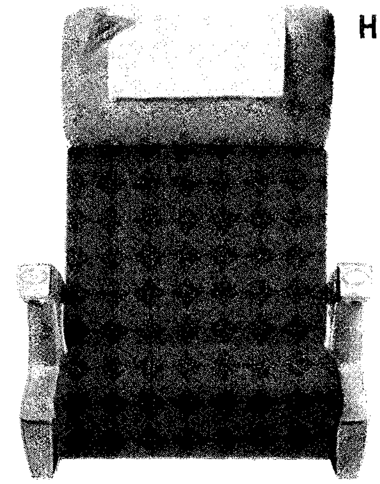

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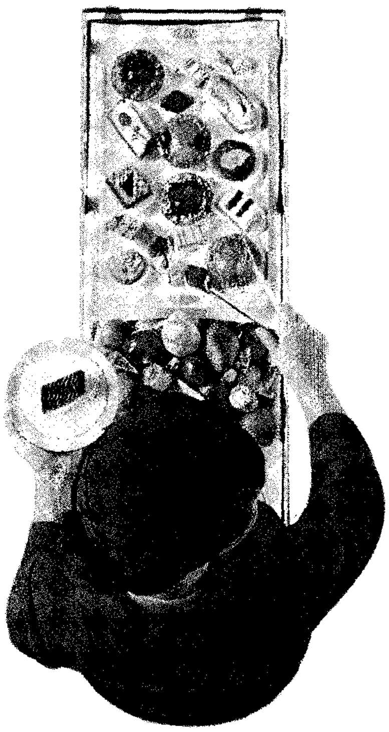

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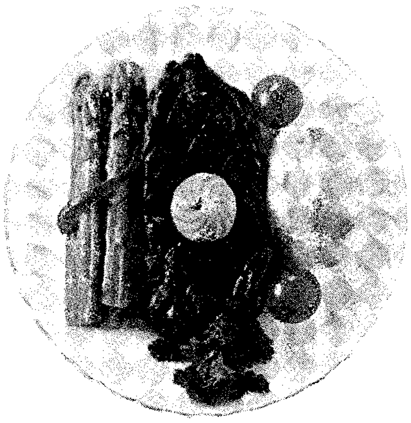

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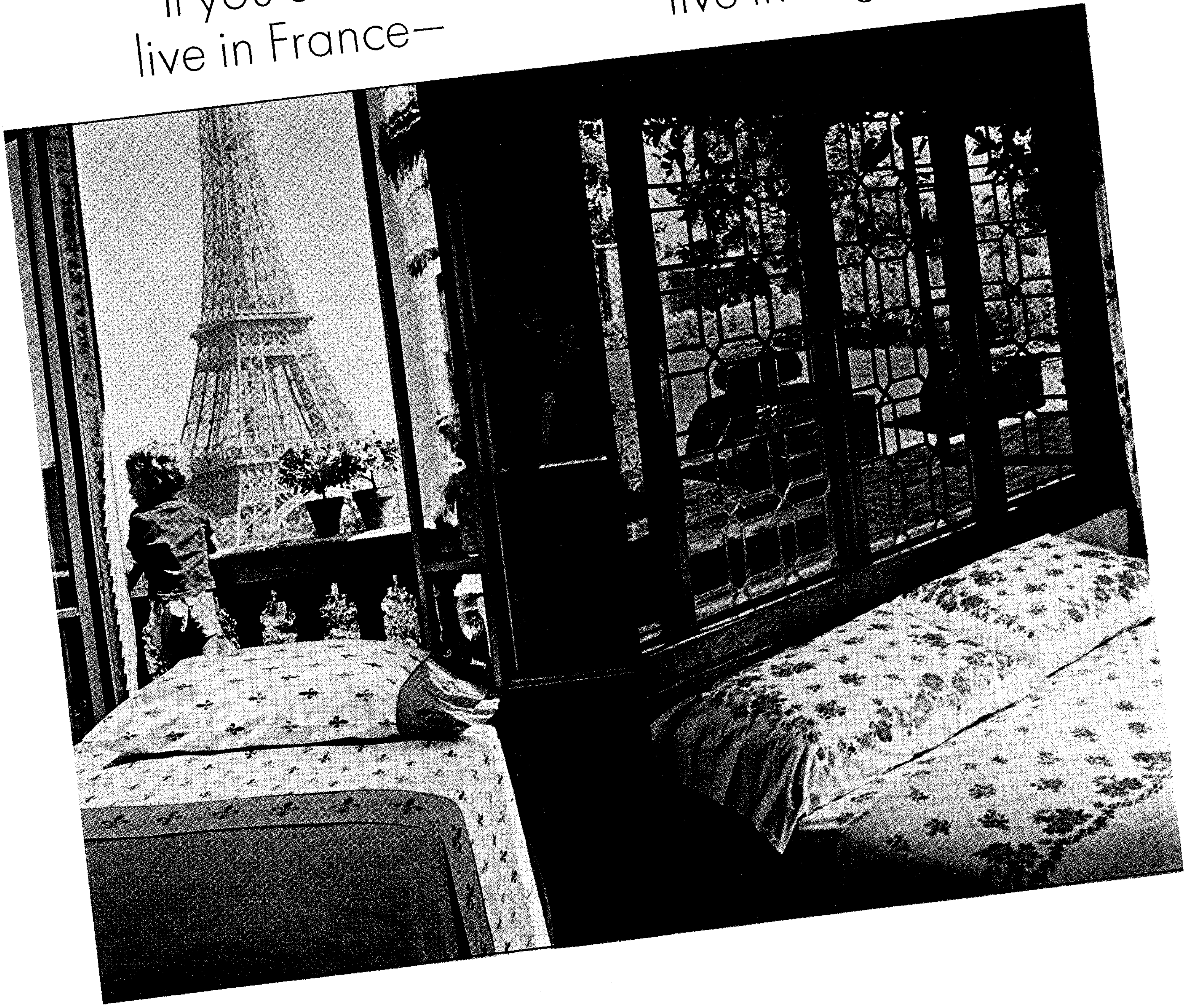

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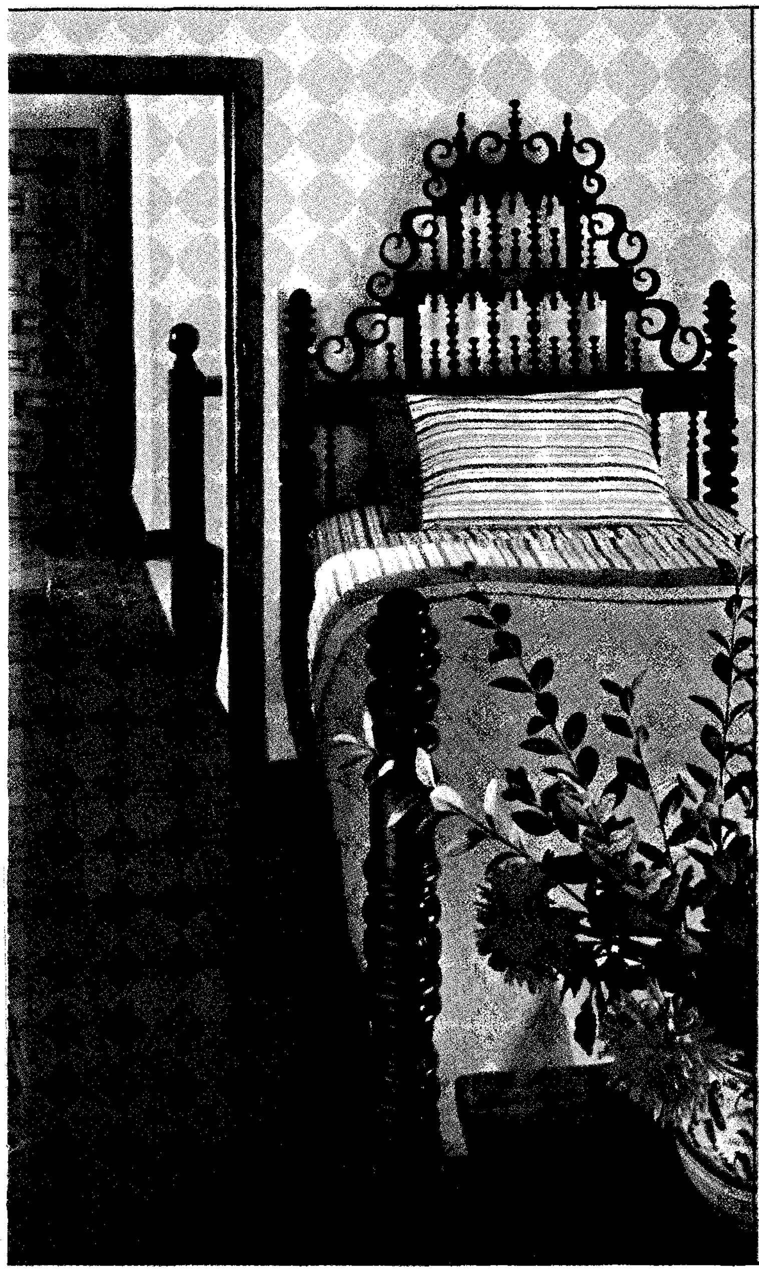

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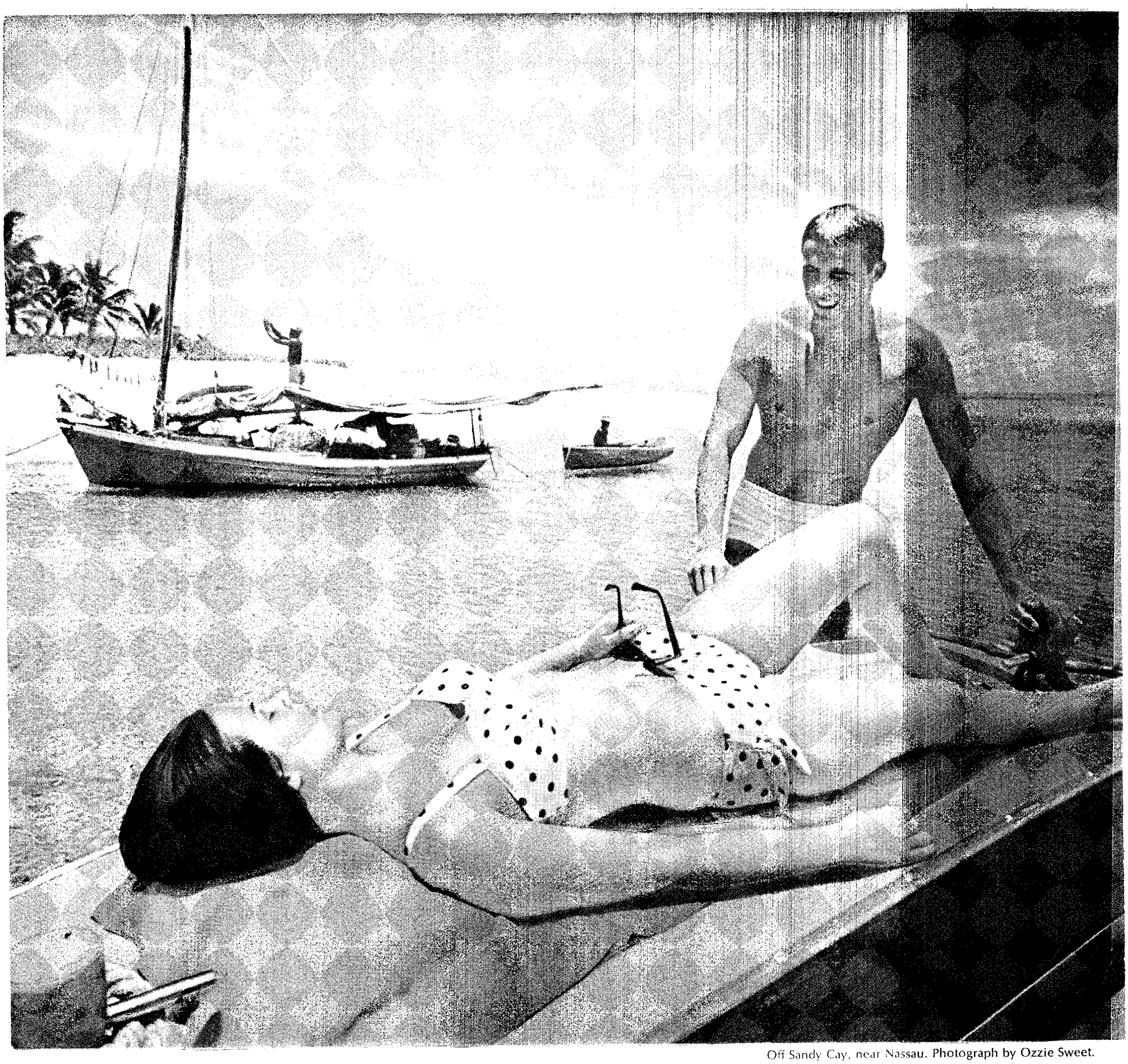

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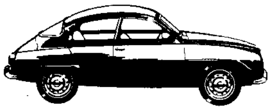

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE other day, in an interview in *U.S. News & World Report*, Senator Goldwater unburdened himself of ten closely packed pages of afterthoughts on the elections—a fairly restrained performance for a man so recently struck forty-three million blows on the top of the head. The tone and the opinions—about the conservative cause, the future of his party, the South and civil rights, the primary system, and so forth—sounded exactly like the Senator, and were therefore largely familiar. However, remembering from the campaign that Mr. Goldwater is almost never *totally* unsurprising, we read the entire interview, and near the end we were rewarded with another one of his patented Little Jiffy Land Mines. "The American people, unfortunately, vote too much from the heart and not enough from the head," he said. This statement, which suggests that he should have aimed his celebrated campaign slogan at a wholly different target, is the closest thing to a complaint or a confession of error in the entire interview, and is therefore worthy of concentrated speculation. Having pondered the matter, we can only conclude that Senator Goldwater and his staff made their biggest mistake way back last summer, when they wearily settled for the wrong campaign slogan after a prolonged and unsatisfactory meeting with their advertising counsellors. The gathering, as we see it, took place in a San Francisco hotel room.

"I want to appeal to their *heads*," the Senator keeps muttering, and soon the room, already blue with smoke and Madison Avenue shirting, is littered with scratch paper as various pithy phrases are jotted down, spitballed, run up the flag. Hours later, as the bumper-sticker manufacturer impatiently paces the hall outside, the best possibilities are assembled, read off again, and, one by one, discarded: "In Your Intellect You Know He's Correct" (appeals to wrong audience—don't want egghead vote); "In Your Bean You Know He's Keen" (sings, but too frivolous); "In Your Mesencephalon You Know He's Right" (too long for average car bumper, especially compacts); "Upstairs, You Know He Cares" (hip rhyme, but irreverent misconstruction possible, as in "the Man Upstairs"). In the end, the Senator, an amenable fellow, is persuaded that the heart, not the head, is the true soft center of the American voter; the bumper-sticker man hurries off with the magic words; and someone calls down to room service for the drinks that will celebrate, alas, the coming debacle.

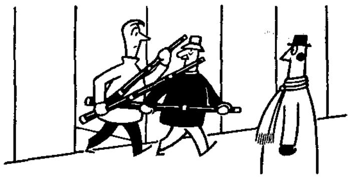
In the light of this fatal but understandable human compromise, we have started work on a comforting sampler that the Senator can hang up on a wall of his study in Phoenix. Stitched out in sagebrush green and desert gold, it reproduces most of Bassanio's song from the third act of "The Merchant of Venice":

> Tell me where is fancy bred,
> Or in the heart or in the head?
> How begot, how nourishèd?
> Reply, reply . . .
> Let us all ring fancy's knell.
> I'll begin it—Ding, dong, bell.

Eclipse

EARLY last week, our man Stanley, wrapped in woollens, deposited the following frost-covered sheaf of notes on our desk:

"Spent evening of Friday, December 18th, at top of Empire State Building watching lunar eclipse, 7:59 P.M. to 11:15 P.M., with thirty-five members of Amateur Astronomers Association, led by Gilbert T. Schmidling. (Schmidling same Schmidling this department joined on Bronx rooftop last June to observe luminous red spots around moon crater Aristarchus. Schmidling says June scoop now recorded in learned astronomical journal.) Whooshed up in rocketlike elevator to eighty-sixth floor of Empire State, arriving hour before eclipse. No astronomers—only sailors, girls. Night clear. Moon, high over United Nations, pearly and as yet unblemished. Strolled around wind-buffeted observation deck. Gales up to forty miles per hour, temperature fifteen above zero. Hurried inside to wait by elevators. Elevator door opened, out came Schmidling and his son David, wrestling three five-foot telescope tubes. Telescopes like alligators—nothing to grab hold of. Schmidling, square, stocky man with gray mustache, quick, bustling manner, wearing thick woollen jacket. Son David, student at City College, tall, slender lad, dressed in yellow slicker. Mr. Schmidling great expert on fluorescence; expressed high anticipation over luminosity of impending eclipse. Schmidlings strong-armed telescopes to observation platform and set them up in lee of building. Asked Mr. Schmidling for briefing, learned following:



"Purpose of Expedition: To time passage of earth's shadow over moon craters Grimaldi, Kepler, Aristarchus, Copernicus, Pytheas, Manilius, Plato, Plinius, Taruntius, and Proclus. Even with all factors taken into consideration, calculations always off about two per cent, owing to refraction of light of sun by earth's atmosphere. Nobody quite sure how this works. By timing shadow's passage over craters, astronomers hoped to gain evidence to help unravel knotty problem. Equipment: Because earth's shadow fuzzy, needed nine astronomers, nine telescopes, to take average of times. Nine astronomers would press nine buttons when shadow passed craters. Buttons hooked to nine-pen recorder, which would record nine impulses on roll of paper. Short-wave radio tuned to CHU, in Canada, would beep correct time every second. 'We've had several eclipse rehearsals,' Mr. Schmidling said. 'But during an eclipse anything can happen.' Went on to explain that during totality moon can be any color from bright copper to black. Color during totality determined by sunlight refracted by earth's atmosphere into shadow. Last year, moon black during totality, because of volcanic eruption in Bali, which made atmosphere more opaque than usual. Another dark one predicted this time. Mr. Schmidling said color observations very important and best recorded by naked eye. Asked help from me as only person present with naked eye.

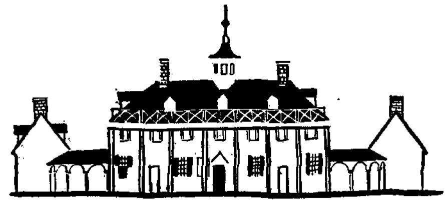
"Observation platform filling with amateur astronomers, telescopes. Some telescopes short, stubby, like mortars; others long, sleek howitzers. All aimed at moon, as if at white balloon in shooting gallery. Amateur astronomers stomping feet in cold. Mr. Schmidling's lieutenant, Charles Silversmith—slender, bearded man with ears tucked under red woollen headband—patrolled battery of nine telescopes, shouting, 'Hurry up, everybody! Only ten minutes to go!' Robert Barkey, amateur astronomer who was fiddling with nine-pen recorder, said, 'We're not going to make it.' Ink in nine pens frozen solid. Mr. Schmidling, laying out wire for buttons, frantic until portable heater for pens found. To thaw out fingers, retreated to warmth indoors, where young astronomy student, Joseph Mann, had sensibly set up his telescope. Mr. Mann said he was particularly interested in color changes, then shouted, 'Look! The lower half of the moon is darker. The penumbra has started!' Penumbra fuzzy outer shadow of earth, signalling main event about to begin. Hurried outdoors. Chaos. Tripped over button wires. Looked for Mr. Schmidling. Learned short-wave radio left uptown and Mr. Schmidling gone to fetch it. 'Tough luck,' a lady astronomer said. 'He was so looking forward to the eclipse.' 'One minute to first contact!' Mr. Silversmith shouted.

"Took up post by David Schmidling. Wind howled. David's thumb hovering over button. 'It's started, right on time,' he said, lending me telescope. Observed mouse-sized bite out of pockmarked surface. Eclipse proceeded remorselessly. 'Five minutes to Kepler!' Mr. Silversmith called. David located Kepler, miniature pockmark, and let me look at it through telescope. Noted ominous shadow creeping up on crater. Returned telescope to David. 'There it goes,' he said, pressing button. Trained naked eye on moon, as previously requested by Mr. Schmidling. Moon about a third snuffed out. Shadow black but dull copper around edges. Mr. Schmidling not back yet. 'Eight minutes to Copernicus!' Silversmith called.

"Toes cold. Decided to employ next eight minutes in visit to Mr. Mann, indoors. Mr. Mann surrounded by tourists. 'I'm doing fine, though I'm getting a bit of heat from all these people,' he said. 'The heat makes the image in the telescope wobble.' Soaked up some heat myself, then wobbled back outdoors. Copernicus had come and gone. So had Aristarchus. Checked up on nine-pen recorder; still on fritz. 'We only got one recording on the last crater,' Mr. Barkey complained. As he spoke, three pens jumped, one after other. 'That'll be Manilius,' he said. 'Five minutes to Taruntius!' Mr. Silversmith shouted.

"Made another naked-eye recording for Mr. Schmidling. Time: 8:40. Observations: Moon almost two-thirds covered. As shadow enlarged, it became lighter, more coppery, particularly around edges. 'That's very curious,' Mr. Silversmith said. 'The moon should be getting darker, not lighter.' David, Mr. Silversmith held conference. Pair interrupted consultation to clock in Proclus, 8:43:25. Almost entire disc now glowing dull russet. Young amateur astronomer focussing on moon through pay binoculars mounted on parapet. Lad pleased because binoculars frozen open. 'Two minutes to second contact!' Mr. Silversmith called out. Found out second contact is moment moon completely covered by earth's shadow.

"Time: 9:05. Moon a diamond ring, black in center, luminous around rim, sparkling, brilliant bone white on top, where last rays of sun glinted. 'We call it the Japanese-lantern effect,' Silversmith explained. 'There's the solid-white piece at the top and the dull, shimmering red lantern hanging below it. The effect will only last a moment.' Silversmith wrong. Tip of moon remained bone white well after time of second contact—9:07. Astronomers perplexed. 'There must be something out there,' man in sheepskin hat said. 'An interplanetary cloud reflecting sunlight down onto the tip of the moon, or something.' 'Moonshine!' another man said. 'Go out, moon!' David Schmidling said. Ghostly Japanese lantern with bright top remained high over United Nations Building, like picture on a UNICEF card.



Suddenly heard crash of static from radio and continuous beep, beep, beep. Mr. Schmidling back, mission accomplished. He peered through telescope at wayward moon. 'That's beautiful,' he said. 'That's absolutely beautiful.' "

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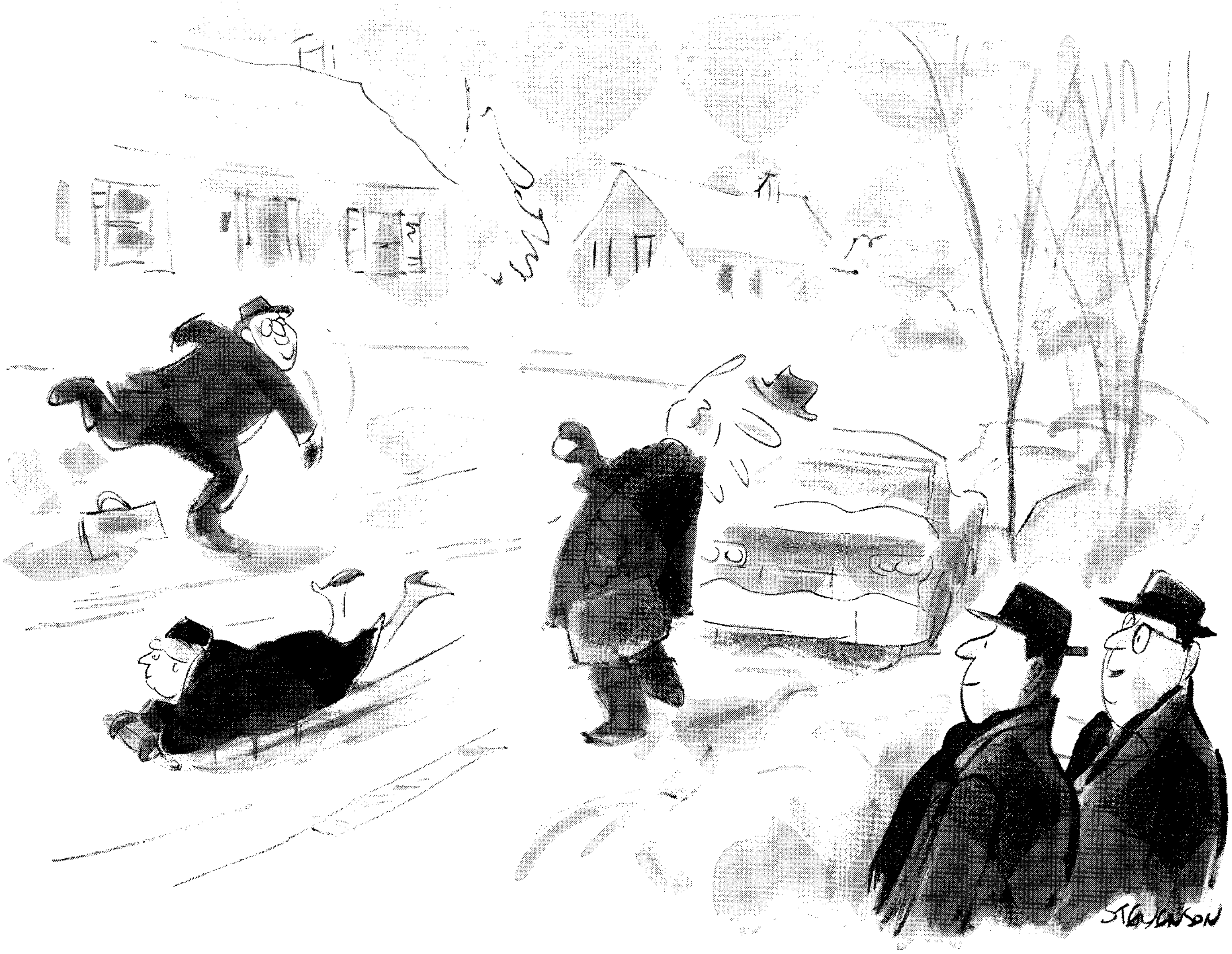
UPON applying for reference material at a Philadelphia public library in order to do some special vacation work, a prep-school student of our acquaintance was told by the librarian, "It had better be a school question, because we don't give it out just for curiosity's sake."

WCAB

WE were recently invited to a buffet lunch in the wine cellar of Leone's Restaurant, where a new organization calling itself the Red Carpet Network was to announce the creation of WCAB, a closed-circuit FM radio station that, if the idea was accepted, would broadcast exclusively to cabdrivers and their passengers, starting in March. The network hoped to install, at its own expense, in every cab in New York City a special receiver for its station, which would operate at sixty-seven megacycles, twenty-four hours a day, and could easily be switched off by a passenger. Presumably, the station would be supported by commercial sponsors, on the theory that people who ride in taxis are prosperous potential consumers, but it would make itself available to relatives or the police who wanted to reach cabdrivers in emergencies. The programs it would offer would reflect the belief that there are types of music that offend no one.

While we waited for the ceremonies to begin, we sat at a table eating celery and reading a *Times* editorial devoted to praise of the man (though it questioned his methods) who attacked a woman on a Philadelphia bus because she had a transistor radio turned on loud. At that moment, in the background, recorded mandolins were playing a tune identified by somebody



"There's something so exhilarating about the first snowfall, isn't there?"

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near us as "The Woodpecker Song."

After lunch, Connie Desmond, the sports announcer, who had been named executive vice-president and general manager of the proposed station, welcomed the gathering, which consisted mainly of taxi-fleet owners, independent owner-drivers, reporters, and representatives of trade papers—counted on to relay the news to potential sponsors. They all began muttering skeptically to one another. Over the noise, Mr. Desmond proceeded to introduce the actress Jan Sterling, the actress Joi Lansing, and the television commentator John K. M. McCaffery, and after each introduction he played snatches of sample WCAB programs that had been taped for the occasion. Miss Sterling, Miss Lansing, and Art Lund, a singer, were going to be disc jockeys, Mr. Desmond said, and there would be traffic reports, news (announced by Mr. McCaffery), and sports (announced by Mr. Desmond). The project had the approval of the Federal Communications Commission and the Division of Licenses of the Police Department. Furthermore, Mr. Desmond said, Major General R. E. Condon, the city's Director of Civil Defense, was enthusiastic about the possible uses of WCAB in a time of disaster. The skeptical muttering grew louder and louder as financial, legal, and public-relations representatives of the network tried to persuade the guests of the potential delights of WCAB. After installing the receivers, they said, the network would pay every driver two dollars and fifteen cents a month just for having the receiver in his cab. The network's representatives asserted that the police would catch lawbreakers more easily, because they could call the station and ask it to alert the drivers; that restless passengers would be soothed by pleasant music and informed by news and financial reports; and that drivers could be warned where there was heavy traffic, so they could try, at least, to avoid it.

The floor was thrown open for questions, whereupon several owner-drivers demanded to know why they hadn't been consulted, a fleet owner wanted to be assured that the station wouldn't broadcast any union propaganda, and another fleet owner argued that the network could never be sure that cabdrivers weren't listening to other stations on portable radios. Someone asked for the names of the network's board of directors, and was told that there would be no public announcement of them for the time being. Someone else asked for Miss Lansing's telephone number.

Having listened to all the attempts to impress the guests with the excellence of the plan, we wondered why someone didn't just install a phone in every cab for emergency use. But we didn't ask.

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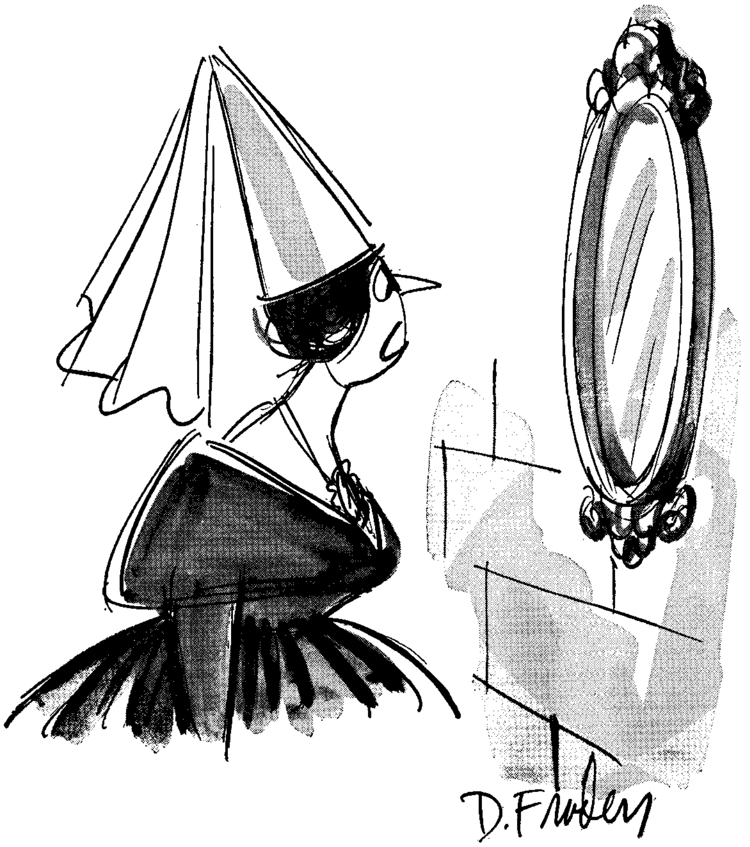
ADVICE discovered in a Chinese fortune cookie: "Kindly disregard all previous fortunes."

Mostel Revisited

IT'S always such a pleasure to see Zero Mostel, onstage or off, that we easily found two very good reasons for seeing him the other day. One was that we hadn't had a talk with him in three years. The other was that since he opened in "Fiddler on the Roof," in which he plays the role of Sholom Aleichem's harassed dairyman, Tevye, he has become even more famous than he became in "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," which had made him more famous than he had been the year before *that*, in "Rhinoceros," which had made him more famous than he had been when he played the part of Bloom in "Ulysses in Nighttown," Off Broadway, back in 1958. *Newsweek* recently called Mr. Mostel "the greatest performer (it is an inadequate word) on the American stage today," and the *Times* called his portrayal of Tevye "one of the most glowing creations in the history of the musical theater." In fact, Zero Mostel is now popular as well as famous—a situation that, inevitably, has set off a small shower of indignant articles written by sour apples who think that he is a genius and should therefore be enjoyed by as few people as possible. We saw Mr. Mostel in his home, a large, old-fashioned apartment on the West Side, where he has lived for the past dozen years, with his wife, Kathryn; his sons, Joshua and Tobias; and his possessions, which consist mainly of antique furniture, two Steinways, some of his own paintings, a lot of other people's paintings (including a big one, in his living room, by Israel Litwak, who started painting when he was seventy and is still painting at the age of a hundred and three), and a large collection of pre-Columbian art—Mayan sculpture, Mexican and Peruvian painted cloths, and so on. "If you think *this* is a lot of stuff, you should see the stuff I've got hidden in all the closets," Mr. Mostel told us. "When the apartment gets painted, I always find some excuse to leave town, so I don't have to take the stuff down and put it back up. Or I bribe Joshua to do it. I buy him a piano."



"Oh, yeah? Well, I've seen better-looking mirrors, too!"

We congratulated Mr. Mostel on all the acclaim he has received for his performance in "Fiddler on the Roof," and he gave us a slight, Tevye-like motion of a third of his hand. "I'm getting it calmed down a bit," he said. "They say I'm the greatest thing since 7-Up, but when I played Bloom it was just as satisfying to me. This show was on the road for so long—three whole months—that it began to feel as though we were doing seven matinées, in addition to seven night performances, a week. I now know why Rex Harrison, after 'My Fair Lady,' said 'Never again.' It got so he had to stay in bed till curtain time. After I opened in 'Forum,' it was a couple of months before I regained my full energy. I'm just beginning to write letters again, and I'm doing a lot of reading and a little drawing. One thing that bothers me is I still can't make it down to my studio, because I need to rest my leg, which was injured about five years ago in a traffic accident. My studio is in the West Twenties. Before long, I'll be able to get to it and paint. Every afternoon, I'll paint. Then down three flights to supper at the Parnes Dairy Restaurant, which I love, and over to the theatre at eight. I grew my own beard for the Tevye part, and I use no make-up, so it takes me only five minutes to dress."

"Well, how's it going?" we asked. "Do you like it?"

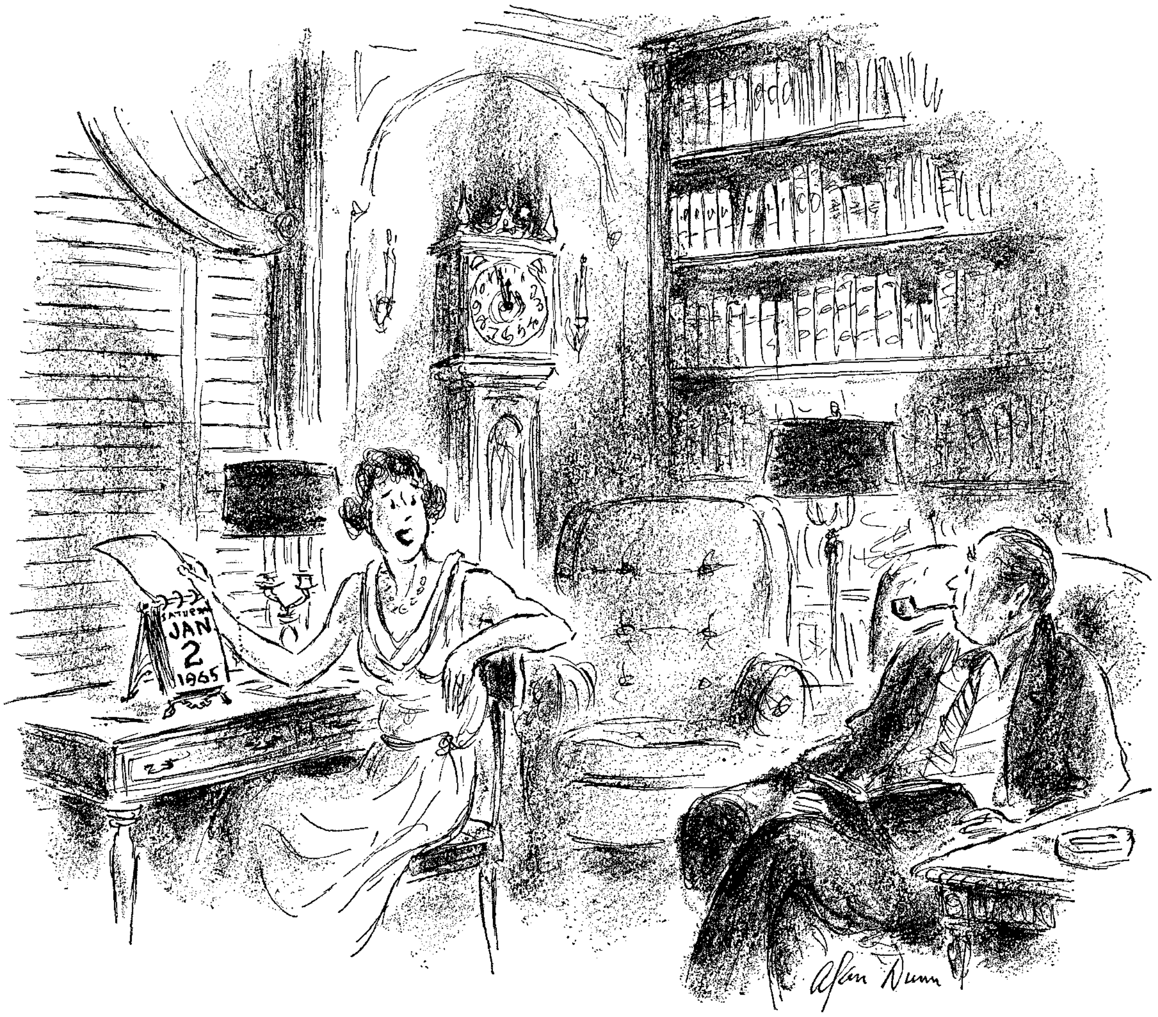
"Of course I like it," Mr. Mostel said. "As soon as I start painting again, I'll like it even more. You just can't beat our audiences. They get right into the show with us. I'm especially fond of the matinées. We call them 'the shopping bags,' because all the ladies come to the theatre from their shopping carrying those big paper bags. Every night, we're mobbed backstage—by Jews and non-Jews, by readers of Sholom Aleichem and non-readers of Sholom Aleichem. A lot of the people have some previous knowledge of the way of life written about by Sholom Aleichem; a lot of others had parents who knew, but they themselves, born here, never heard about the old country from their parents. However, whether they know or don't know, when they come backstage they're *all* overwhelmed by feeling. One man came back and immediately broke down. I had to give him a drink."

"You enjoy playing Tevye?" we asked.

"Of course," Mr. Mostel said. "Tevye is as classic as any part could be. It's as broad, as full, and as active as Lear, and it's broader and better than Sir Toby Belch. I'd always wanted to play Tevye. I read the original Tevye stories in Yiddish—that is, my father read them to me—when I was a little kid, and I never forgot them. When I first heard about the show, I didn't even want to read its book. All I heard and all I needed to hear was 'Tevye.' That was enough. I knew I would have something to say about the way the show was shaped."

"Did you?" we asked.

"Of course I did," Mr. Mostel said. "All of us worked together to keep the feeling and spirit and characters of the Tevye stories intact, and the show is all of a piece—the book, the music, the lyrics, the choreography, the characters, the acting. All of it is Sholom Aleichem. There has never been a musical like this one. The songs are never gratuitous; they're always part of the show. On the whole, if I do say so myself, it's great. A few self-elected Sholom Aleichem experts want to give you this little twist of the arm, so they say the show is 'too Broadway.' What does that mean?



"*Well, so far so good.*"

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Nothing. Off Broadway, things are the same, except that shows make less money and the actors are exploited. Or the guardians of culture describe some little thing I do as 'a Broadway gesture.' What the hell is a Broadway gesture? I goggle my eyes, they say. I've been in the business for twenty-two years, and for twenty-two years I've goggled my eyes, but now it's described as a Broadway gesture!"

Mr. Mostel laughed, and demonstrated goggling of the eyes. "This show is one of the best things done on Broadway in years, and it's the best dramatization of the Tevye stories ever done in history, anywhere in the world," he went on. "In addition to being a musical, it's a play. It's a show that's a cut above anything else ever attempted. What do those experts want? Something for the invisible, non*existent* theatre? Importing English casts for the theatre is another example of snobbery. English actors say 'cahst' instead of 'cast,' and you're supposed to fall over. In England, they act Shakespeare the worst in the world; they approach Shakespeare with great fear. Or you should see what they did to Tevye in the Russian theatre. Junk! Or go to the Polish theatre and see Tevye. They made a big propaganda play out of it. Or the Yiddish Theatre. I saw Maurice Schwartz do Tevye, and I can tell you that it was sentimental and maudlin, and not Sholom Aleichem. Our show is an honest piece of work. The audience responds the way an audience should. If theatre is not what the audience gets from the stage, what is it? It should enlighten, make you identify, make you feel better—all those things—and our show does that. We could have thirty curtain calls every night if we wanted them. The people don't want to let go. What more could you ask for? I'm getting a lot of unsolicited advice these days. One critic said I shouldn't play in this play, I should play in some *other* play, but, unfortunately, he said, 'Zero has sold out to the ladies from the Hadassah.' What I want to know is: What's wrong with *them*? They're all nice ladies who collect money for Israel and do good work. What's wrong with that?"

"Well, do you pay any attention to what critics say?" we asked.

"Of course not," Mr. Mostel replied. "I've never read a single review through to the end. On opening nights, all I want is to take a drink and talk to my friends, and I just don't read the reviews, and by the next day I'm no longer interested. The critics never have any real effect—not on actors, not on writers, not on painters. If you had entered the mind of Cézanne when the critics told him to stop painting his way and to paint the way *they* wanted him to paint, you would have found he didn't care what the critics said; he just painted the way *he* wanted to paint."

Mr. Mostel, behind his Tevye whiskers, looked wise, and he said he thought he was just about ready now to get back to his painting. "Painters are the most admirable people around," he said. "They're the only people who do what they want to do. I have a friend, a painter named Joe De Martini, who lives alone, happy as a lark. He cooks for himself. He refuses to teach. He wants to paint, only to paint. He lives with great dignity. He goes to Europe more times than Otto H. Kahn. In Europe, he looks at paintings. Then he comes home and paints. Painters live longer than anybody else. Matisse, Bonnard, and Braque all lived into their eighties. And there's Litwak, too. Titian died at eighty-six—though he lied and said he was ninety-nine, because he wanted to put himself on record as the first colorist, *before* Giorgione. Chagall is seventy-seven, and Picasso is in his eighties. Painters are marvellous. Painters and actors."

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PENCILLED note observed on the windshield of a Volkswagen in a no-parking zone in front of the Interchurch Center, at 475 Riverside Drive: "I.B.M. Emergency in Room 921."

THE RESCUE

HELPLESSLY, Caroline Harris found herself paired with Alice Smith, struck in the backs of their knees by an onrushing, rumbling chair, and hurled upward. When she had been a child her father would toss her toward the ceiling with the same brutal swooping lurch. Alice snapped the safety bar, and they were caged together. It was degrading for both of them. Up ahead, Norman and Timothy roosted smugly, having, on this first run to the top, greedily seized the first chair. From the rear, hooded and armed with spears, they were two of a kind, Timothy only slightly smaller than his father; and this, too, she felt as a desertion, a flight from her womb. While she was dragged through the air, joggled at each pier, the whiteness of the snow pressed on the underside of her consciousness with the gathering insistence of a headache. Her boots weighed; her feet felt captive. Rigid with irritation and a desire not to sway, she smoked her next-to-last cigarette, which was cheated of taste by the cold, and tried to decide if the silent woman beside her were sleeping with Norman or not.

This morning, as they drove north into New Hampshire, there had been in the automobile an excessive ease, as if the four of them knew each other better than Caroline remembered reason for. There had been, between Alice and Norman, a lack of flirtation a shade too resolute, while on sleepy, innocent Timmy the woman had inflicted a curiously fervent playfulness, as if warm messages for the father were being forwarded through the son, or as if Alice were seeking to establish herself as a sexual nonentity, a kind of brotherly sister. Mrs. Harris felt an ominous tug in this trip. Had she merely imagined, during their breakfast at Howard Johnson's, a poignance in the pauses, and a stir of something, like toes touching, under the table? And was she paranoid to have felt this morning a deliberate design in the pattern of alternation that had her and her son floundering up the T-bar together as the other two expertly skimmed down the slope and waited, side by side, laughing vapor, at the end of the long and devious line? Caroline was not reassured, when they all rejoined at lunch, by Alice's smile, faintly flavored with a sweetness unspecified in the recipe. Alice had been her friend first. She had moved to their neighborhood a year ago, a touching little divorcée with pre-school twins, utterly lost. Her only interest seemed to be sports, and her marital grief had given her an awkward hardness, as if from too much exercise. Norman had called her pathetic and sexless. Yet a winter later he rescued his skis from a decade in the attic, enrolled Timmy in local lessons, and somehow guided his wife in the same dangerous direction, as irresistibly as this cable was pulling them skyward.

JUNIOR FOODS
O. SOGLOW

They were giddily lifted above the tops of the pines. Caroline, to brace her voice against her rising fear, spoke aloud: "This is ridiculous. At my age Tahitian women are grandmothers."

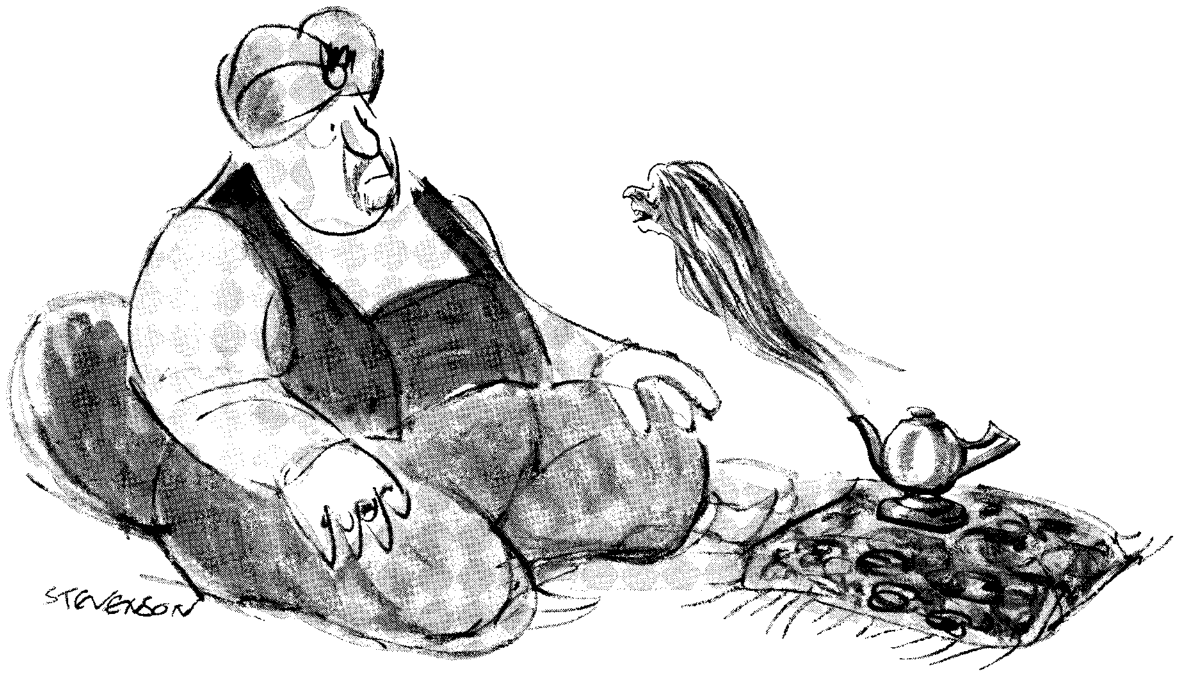
Alice said seriously, "I think you do terribly well. You're a natural dancer, and it shows."

Caroline could not hate her. She was as helpless as herself, and there was some timid loyalty, perhaps, in Norman's betraying her with a woman she had befriended. She felt, indeed, less betrayed than diluted and, turning with her cigarette cupped against the wind, she squinted at the girl as if into an unfair mirror. Alice was small-boned yet coarse; muscularity, reaching upward through the prominent tendons of her slender throat, gave her face, even through the flush of windburn, a taut, sallow tinge. Her hair, secured by a scarlet ear-warmer, was abundant but mousy, and her eyes were close-set, hazel, and vaguely, stubbornly inward. But between her insignificant nose and receding chin there lay, as if in ambush, a large, complicated, and (Caroline supposed) passionate mouth. This, she realized, as the chair swayed sickeningly, was exactly what Norman would want: a mouse with a mouth.

Disgust, disgust and anger, swung through her. How greedy men were! How conceited and heedless! The sky enlarged around her, as if to receive the immensity of her condemnation. With deft haste Alice undid the safety bar; Caroline involuntarily transposed the action into an undoing of Norman's clothes. Icy with contempt for her situation, she floated onto the unloading platform and discovered, slipping down the alarming little ramp, that her knees were trembling and had forgotten how to bend.

Of course, they were abandoned. The men had gone ahead, and beckoned, tiny and black, from the end of a tunnel tigerishly striped with the blue shadows of birches. On whispering skis held effortlessly parallel, Alice led, while Caroline followed, clumsily struggling against the impulse to stem. They arrived where the men had been and found them gone again. In their place was a post with two signs. One pointed right to GREASED LIGHTNING (EXPERT). The other pointed left to THE LIGHTNING BUG (INTERMEDIATE-NOVICE). "I see them," Alice said, and lightly poled off to the right.

"Wait," Caroline begged.



"The genie is out. This is his answering service."

Alice christied to a stop. A long lavender shadow from a mass of pines covered her and for a painful instant, as her lithe body inquisitively straightened, she seemed beautiful.

"How expert is it?" The Harrises had never been to this mountain before; Alice had been several times. Caroline envisioned her surrounded by tan and goggled men, and abruptly saw her own ineptitude at skiing to be a function of her failure to be divorced. She glimpsed, in the corner of her eye, like a gleam flowing obliquely through a door left ajar, a peculiar possibility of freedom.

"There's one mogully piece you can sideslip," Alice said. "The Bug will take you around the other side of the mountain. You'll never catch the men."

"Why don't you follow them and I'll go down the novice trail? I don't trust this mountain yet." It was a strange mountain, one of the lesser Presidentials, rather recently developed, with an unvarnished cafeteria and very young boys patrolling the trails in naïvely bright jackets striped in yellow and green. At lunch, Norman said he twice had seen members of the ski patrol fall down. His harsh laugh, remembered at this bare altitude, frightened her. The trembling in her knees would not subside, and her fingertips were stinging in their mittens.

Alice crisply sidestepped back up to her. "Let's both go down the Bug," she said. "You shouldn't ski alone."

"I don't want to be a sissy," Caroline said, and these careless words apparently triggered some inward chain of reflection in the other woman, for Alice's face clouded, and it was certain that she was sleeping with Norman. Everything, every tilt of circumstance, every smothered swell and deliberate contraindication, confirmed it, even the girl's very name, Smith—a nothing-name, a prostitute's alias. Her hazel eyes, careful in the glare of the snow, flickeringly searched Caroline's and her expressive mouth froze, it seemed, on the verge of a crucial question.

"Track!"

The voice was behind them, shrill and young. A teen-age girl, wearing a polka-dot purple parka, and her mother, a woman almost elderly, who looked as if she had rouged the tip of her nose, turned beside them and casually plunged over the lip of Greased Lightning.

Caroline, shamed, said, "The hell with it. The worst I can do is get killed." Murderously stabbing the snow, she pushed off to the right, her weight flung wildly back, her uphill ski snagging, her whole body burning with the confirmation of her suspicions. She would leave Norman. Unsteady as a flame she flickered down the height, wavering in her own wind. Alice carefully passed her and, taking long traverses and diagrammatically slow turns, seemed to be inviting her not to destroy herself. Submitting to the sight, permitting her eyes to infect her body with Alice's rhythm, she found the snow yielding to her as if under the pressure of reason; and, swooping in complementary zigzags, the two women descended a long white waterfall linked as if by love.

Then there was a lazy flat run in the shadow of reddish rocks bearded with icicles, then another descent, through cataracts of moguls, into an immense elbow-shaped stage overlooking, from the height of a mile, a toy lodge, a tessellated parking lot, and, vast and dim as a foreign nation, a frozen lake mottled with cloud shadows and islands of evergreen. Tensely sideslipping, Caroline saw, on the edge of this stage, at one side of the track, some trouble, a heap of dark cloth. In her haste to be with the men, Alice would have swept by, but Caroline snowplowed to a halt. With a dancing waggle Alice swerved and pulled even. The heap of cloth was the woman with the red-tipped nose, who lay on her back, her head downhill. Her daughter knelt beside her. The woman's throat was curved as if she were gargling, and her hood was submerged in snow, so that her face showed like a face in a casket.

EFFICIENTLY, Alice bent, released her bindings, and walked to the accident. The prints of her boots in the snow were each perfect intaglios. "Is she conscious?" she asked.

"It's the left," the casket-face said, not altering its rapt relation with the sky. The dab of red was the only color not drained from it. Tears trickled from the corner of one eye into a fringe of sandy hair.

"Do you think it's broken?"

There was no answer, and the girl impatiently prompted, "Mother, does it feel broken?"

"I can't feel anything. Take off the boot."

"I don't think we should take off the boot," Alice said. She surveyed the woman's legs with a physical forthrightness that struck Caroline as unpleasant. "It might disturb the alignment. It might be a spiral. Did you feel anything give?" The impact of the spill had popped both safety bindings, so the woman's skis were attached to her feet only by the breakaway straps. Alice *stooped and unclipped these, and stood* the skis upright in the snow, as a signal. She said, "We should get help."

The daughter looked up hopefully. The face inside her polka-dot parka was round and young, and a secondary face, the angular face of a woman, had been stencilled over its features. "If you're willing to stay," she said, "I'll go. I know some of the boys in the patrol."

"We'll be happy to stay," Caroline said firmly. She was conscious, as she said it, of frustrating Alice and of declaring, in the necessary war between them, her weapons to be compassion and patience. She wished she could remove her skis, for their presence on her feet held her a little aloof; but she was not sure she could put them back on at this slant, in the middle of nowhere. The snow here had the same eerie unvisited air of grass beside a highway. The daughter, without a backward glance, easily snapped herself into her skis and whipped away, down the hill. Seeing how easy it had been, Caroline unfastened hers and went and stood beside Alice. Her own boots also made exquisite prints, total and sharp. Alice looked at her wristwatch. The hurt woman moaned.

Caroline asked, "Are you warm enough? Would you like to be wrapped in something?" The lack of an answer left them no choice but to remove their parkas and wrap her in them; her body felt like an oversize doll sadly in need of stuffing. Caroline, bending low, satisfied herself that what looked like paint was a little pinnacle of sunburn.

The woman murmured her thanks. "My second day here, I've ruined it for everybody—my daughter, my son . . ."

Alice asked, "Where is your son?"

"Who knows? I bring him here and don't see him from morning to night. He says he's skiing, but I ski every trail and never see him."

"Where is your husband?" Caroline asked; her voice sounded lost in the acoustic depth of the freezing air.

The woman sighed, "Not here."

Silence followed, a silence in which wisps of wind began to decorate the snow-laden branches of pines with outflowing feathers of powder. The dense blue shadow thrown by the woods grew heavy, and cold pressed through the chinks of Caroline's sweater. Alice's thin neck strained as she gazed up at the vacant ridge for help. The smothered sobbing made a trickling undercurrent. At last, Caroline thought to ask, "Would you like a cigarette?"

EVA

A sly computer made her clocks all go
At once. She slept inside a spring,
Ready to jump up at the hammering
Of six o'clock. "Eva, make the eggs.
Eva, make the coffee, then the beds."
Eva, in a hurry, did. And failed.
Time up. And how she wanted them to go!
Her husband and his body made of hers,
Her children and their bodies made of hers,
And then, alone, another clock would start:
Trapped in a vacuum, she heard her heart
Tick the day away. Two minutes passed.
Two hundred years.

Say inside her head some beautiful
Stone was forming that she polished there,
And in its lustre, like a shining mirror,
Her mother dove up to the surface where
Once again she took her in her arms
To rescue her, and said, "I am your birth.
Your death is mine." But in those arms
Two zones of feeling wrestled to be free:
To lean upon; or to be leaned upon.
And scenting danger where it least should be,
She walked out of the house she hated, loved,
And down the street of nothing-to-see
Where everybody else knew the secret. She
Had loved, been loved, could love, was loved,
But, like a faded copy of herself,
Growing fainter, she began to disappear.
She turned the corner. There was nothing there.

—Howard Moss

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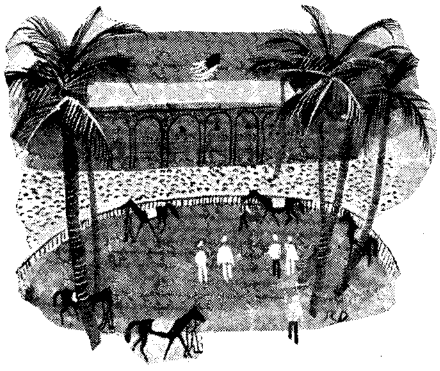
The body sat right up. "I'd adore a weed." The woman pulled off her mitten, and hungrily twiddled her fingers. Her nails were garishly polished. She did not seem to notice, in taking the cigarette, that the pack became empty. Gesturing with stabbing exhalations of smoke, she became chatty. "I say to my son, 'What's the point of coming to these beautiful mountains if all you do is rush, rush, rush, up the tow and down, and never stop to enjoy the scenery?' I say to him, 'I'd rather be old-fashioned and come down the mountain in one piece than have my neck broken at the age of fourteen.' If he saw me now, he'd have a fit laughing. There's a patch of ice up there and my skis crossed. When I went over, I could feel my left side pull from my shoulders to my toes. It reminded me of having a baby."



"Where are you from?" Alice asked.

"Melrose." The name of her town seemed to make the woman morose. Her eyes focussed on her inert boot.

To distract her, Caroline asked, "And your husband's working?"

"We're separated. I know if I could loosen the laces it would be a world of relief. My ankle wants to swell and it can't."

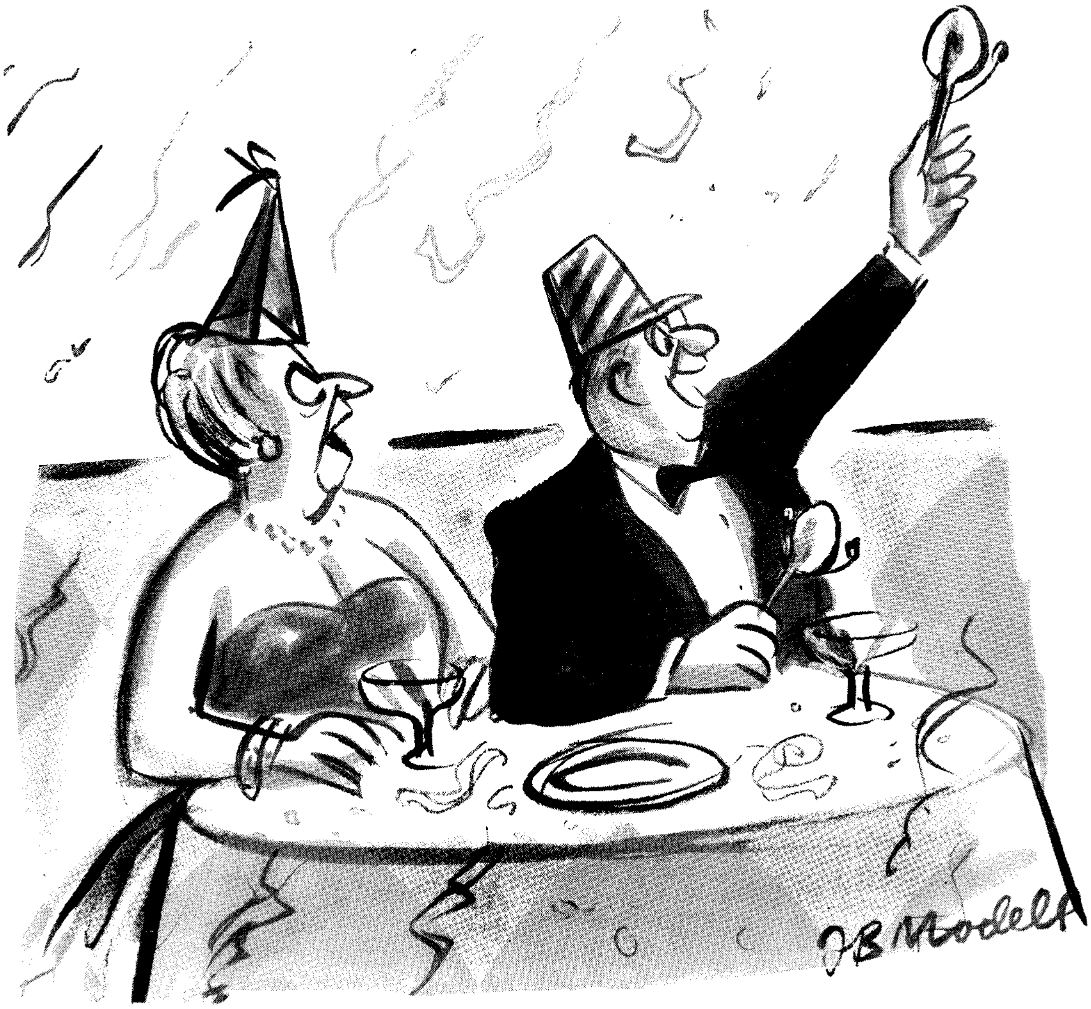
"I wouldn't trust it," Alice said.

"Let me at least undo the knot," Caroline offered, and dropped to her knees as if to weep. She did not as a rule like self-pitying women, but here in this one she seemed to confront a voluntary dramatization of her own inner grief and sprain. She freed the knots of both the outer and inner laces—the boot was a new Nordica, and stiff. "Does that feel better?"

"I honestly can't say. I have no feeling below my knee whatsoever."

"Shock," Alice said. "Nature's anesthetic."

"My husband will be furious. He'll have to hire a maid for me."



"What do you mean, I don't need a noisemaker?"

"You'll have your daughter," Caroline said.

"At her age, it's all boys, boys on the brain."

This seemed to sum up their universe of misfortune. Nothing was left to say. In silence, dark as widows against the tilted acres of white, they waited for rescue. The trail here was so wide skiers could pass on the far side without spotting them. A few swooped close, then veered away, as if sensing a curse. One man, wearing steel-framed spectacles and a raccoon coat, and smoking a cigar, waved to them and shouted in what seemed a foreign language. But the pattern of the afternoon (the sun had shifted away from the trail) yielded few skiers. Empty intervals of minutes went by. The bitterly cold air had found every loose stitch in Caroline's sweater and now was concentrating on the metal bits of brassiere that touched her skin. "Could I bum another coffin nail?" the injured woman asked.

"I'm sorry, that was my last."

"Oh dear. Isn't that the limit?"

Alice, so sallow now she seemed Oriental, tucked her hands into her armpits and jiggled up and down. She asked, "Won't the men worry?"

Caroline took satisfaction in telling her, "I doubt it." Looking outward, she saw only white, a tilted rippled wealth of colorlessness. Her private loneliness she now felt in communion with the other two women; they were all three abandoned, cut off in this penumbral world, wounded, unwarmed, too impotent even to whimper. A vein of haze in the sky passingly dimmed the sunlight. When it brightened again, a tiny upright figure, male, in green and yellow stripes, stood at the top of the cataracts of moguls.

"That took eighteen minutes," Alice said, consulting her wristwatch again. Caroline suddenly wondered if such a finicking tomboy could be seriously loved.

The woman in the snow asked, "Does my hair look awful?"

Down, down the tiny figure came, enlarging, dipping from crest to crest, dragging a sled, a bit clumsily, between its legs. Then, hitting perhaps the same patch of ice, the figure tipped, tripped, and became a dark star, spread-eagled, a cloud of powder from which protruded, with electric rapidity, fragments of ski, sled, and arm. This explosive somersault continued to the base of the precipitous section, where the fragments reassembled and lay still. The women had watched with held breaths. How they yearned for that limp puppet to become erect! Obediently, it did. The boy (he was close enough now to be a boy, with lanky legs in swankishly tight jeans) scissored his skis above his head (a miracle, they had not popped off), hopped to his feet, jerkily sidestepped a few yards uphill to retrieve his hat (an Alpine of green felt, with ornamental feathers), and skated toward them, drenched with snow, dragging the sled and grinning.

"That was a real eggbeater," Alice told him.

"Who's hurt?" he asked. His red ears protruded and his face swirled with freckles; he was so plainly delighted to be himself, so clearly somebody's son, that Caroline felt herself share, by a kind of parturition, his absurd pride.

And as if with this clown there entered into vacuity a fertilizing principle, more members of the ski patrol sprang from the snow, bearing from several directions blankets and bandages and brandy, so that Caroline and Alice were pushed aside, as it were, from themselves. They retrieved their parkas, refastened their skis, and tamely completed their run to the foot of the mountain. There, Timmy and Norman, looking worried, were waiting beside the lift shed. Her momentum failing, Mrs. Harris actually skated—what she had never managed to do before, lifted her skis in the smooth alternation of skating—in her haste to assure her husband of his essential innocence.

—John Updike

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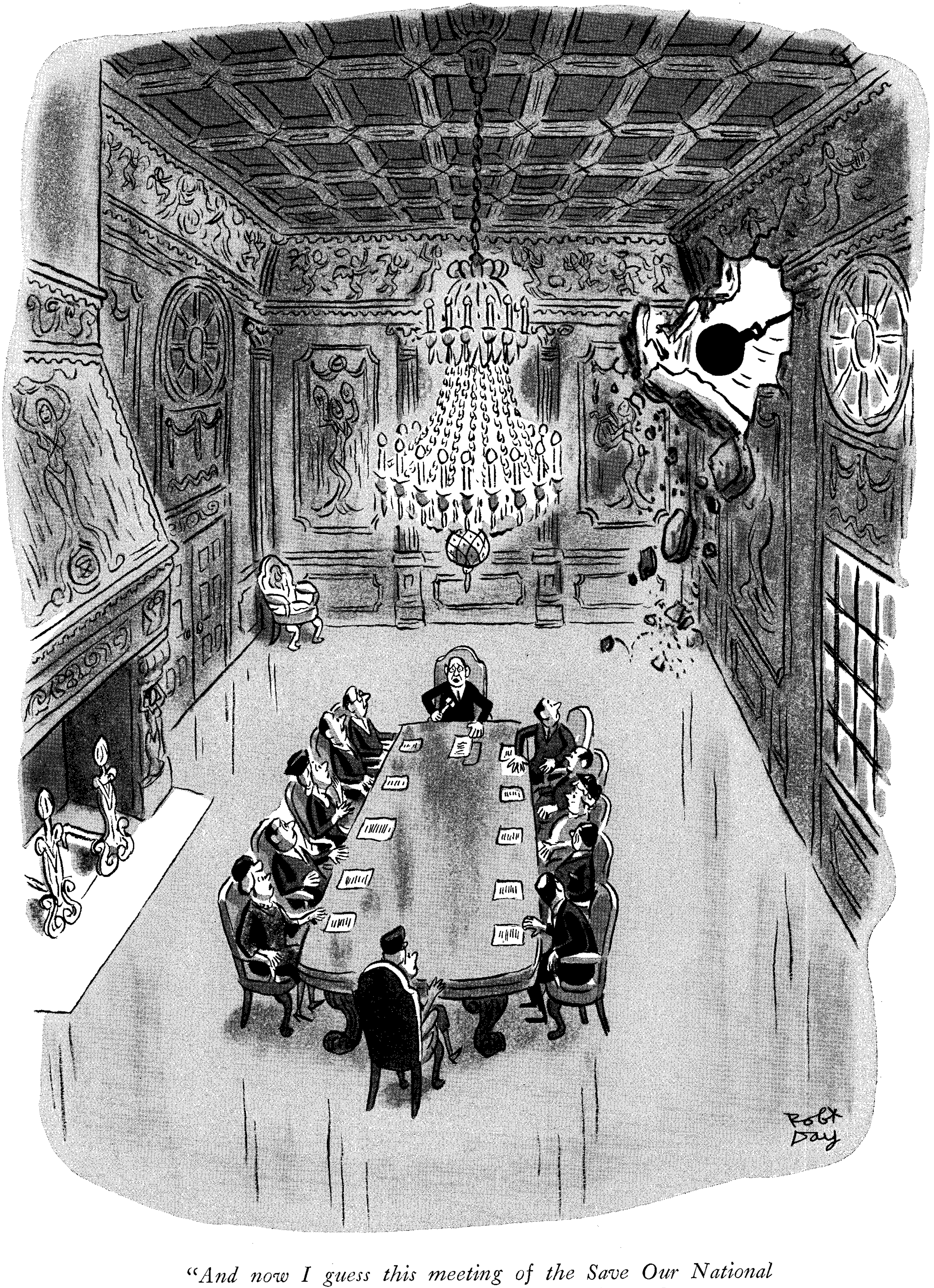
(Note: Machine capacity limits the printing space for your name. If your name has more than 15 letters, we have shortened it, as shown on this form, in order to make machine processing possible. Each member has a permanent file in which his full name is recorded.)—*From a pension notice sent to public-school employees in New Jersey.*

O.K., we'll tell the pupils that George Washingto was the father of his country.



"And now I guess this meeting of the Save Our National Landmarks Committee stands adjourned."

A SAINT (UNKNOWN) WITH TWO DONORS

MR. EDOM, who kept the Abbey Antique Galleries, was a man of punctuality. He had other neat virtues, too, such as discretion and probity; but it was his punctuality he took pride in and found positively enjoyable. When Mr. Collins came on trial as assistant, Mr. Edom laid it down as law that when he said "precisely" he meant "precisely." In the course of four years' growing affection Mr. Collins observed that in his zeal not to be late Mr. Edom was invariably too early, and that "precisely" could be anything up to a quarter of an hour.

At eight-thirty precisely—that is to say, about eight-seventeen—Mr. Edom would leave his lodgings, walk along St. John Street, and let himself into the Galleries, where Mr. Collins was expected to appear ten minutes later. This interval of solitude was a sort of matins to Mr. Edom. He had a look round, recollected himself, and prepared his mind for the day. As for Mrs. Knowles, the cleaner, being a family woman she could not be there reliable till five minutes to nine. On Saturdays she could not come in the morning at all but obliged for an hour in the evening, during which time Police Constable Davenport, who was her second cousin, made it a point to be within earshot, in case a burglar broke in and set off that bloodcurdling burglar alarm, the very sound of which made her ready to faint dead away.

The morning Mr. Edom and Mr. Collins were destined to remember as "that morning" was a fine September morning, and St. John Street was looking its best. The trim housefronts, the empty pavements, the spire of St. John's Church—considered by many as even finer than the Abbey's—a blue sky, and one well-placed cumulus cloud made up a delightful picture. Mr. Edom was looking at the spire, which, because it soared above rites classed as Low, and because incense made him sneeze and sneezing made him feel conspicuous, he had strong reason to prefer, when a jackdaw's swoop carried his sight downward to observe that two men were standing in front of his shop door. Beside them was a handcart, and on the handcart was a bulky object, muffled in sacking.

As he approached, the larger of the two men looked round, saw him, and nudged the other.

"Are you Mr. Edom?" inquired the smaller man.

"I am."

The larger man said reproachfully, "We thought you was never coming."

Nettled by this imputation against his punctuality, Mr. Edom took an instant dislike to them both, and said coldly, "Well?"

"We've been here this last half hour," said the smaller man.

"More," said the other.

"Why?"

"We've brought something along."

"What?" Mr. Edom, chafing on his own threshold, could vouchsafe only monosyllables.

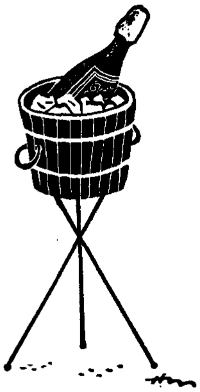
"Well, in a manner of speaking, it's a throwout. His Reverence—"

"Who?"

"Father Brady. He threw it out—because of it getting into his new kneelers. But seeing as it's what you might call an antique, we thought we'd begin by bringing it along to you. Here, Jim. You undo it. Handle it careful, though."

Looking more attentively at the two men, Mr. Edom thought he'd seen Jim before, unloading sacks of potatoes in the market.

"Careful round that elbow, Jim! Easy does it. It's not as young as it was."



Neither were the sacks, which stank. Mr. Edom stepped back. "I don't want to see it, whatever it is." But it was too late; the last wrapping was pulled away. Standing on the cart was a life-sized matronly lady in an ecstasy. At the same moment, Mr. Collins, speaking from behind him, exclaimed, "Good Lord! There's Baroque for you! High Baroque at that. Where would you say she came from? She looks Italian to me."

"If you ask my opinion," said the smaller man, "she's an antique. That is, judging by the weight."

Jim agreed, adding that those wormholes weren't made yesterday.

Mr. Edom remarked that some of them were.

"But where did you find her? How did she get here?" asked the besotted Collins.

"We brought her along from St. Philomena's. We delivered a load of kneelers there last night, and Father Brady said he was throwing her out and we was to come round early this morning to fetch her away."

With uncalled-for initiative Mr. Collins was now tapping the lady, and pronouncing that she wasn't past praying for and that it would be quite possible to do something about her nose. "It's odd how noses go first," he mused.

The men were folding up the sacks. Miss Larpent, leading her spaniel for its morning walk, came past. The spaniel shrank back and barked violently. Violently, Miss Larpent dragged it onward.

"It's wormed all through. It's out of the question," said Mr. Edom. "I'm sorry, but you must take it somewhere else. Come, Collins."

As though they were both called Collins, the men began to lift the lady off the handcart.

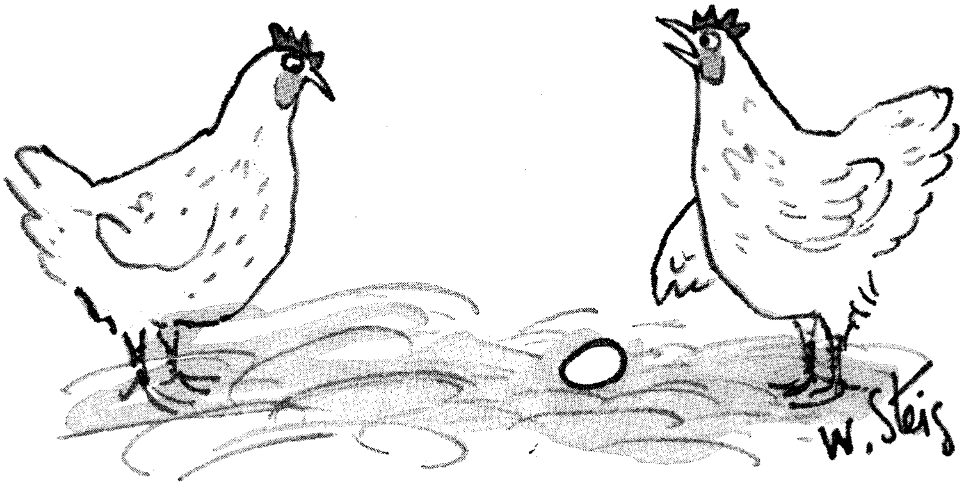
"Stop! I tell you, I don't want her. Kindly take her away."

By now they were supporting her in midair, while Mr. Collins, who had obligingly gone down on his knees in answer to Jim's request to give her a shove up, mate, appeared to be in the act of adoration. Miss Larpent, pausing, had been joined by Mrs. Toller and old Miss Palk, out with their poodles. Three schoolboys stood gaping. So did the milkman. In another moment, a mob would gather.

"Have a heart!" exclaimed the larger man. The boys cheered the sentiment. The dogs barked. Mrs. Knowles, coming briskly round the corner, cannonaded into Miss Larpent, said, "Beg your pardon, I'm sure," in a tone more befitting extortion with menaces, and rushed on to the defense of her employer—as nice a gentleman as ever trod, but too meekhearted for his own good. Mr. Edom, barring the way into the Galleries, shouted, "Take her round by the back! Collins! Show them where to go. Leave her in the yard, mind. I won't have her indoors."

"What about paying?" mouthed Mr. Collins, and was told to settle with them somehow. A less temperate employer might well have left Mr. Collins to settle out of his own pocket, but when Mr. Collins came back, furtively brushing his sleeves, Mr. Edom asked how much it had taken, learned that they had gone for fifteen shillings apiece, and paid without comment. It had to be admitted that Collins kept a steady head for bargaining—if for nothing else.

But Mr. Edom was still angry. Things had got out of hand. He had been rushed. Collins had taken too much on himself. It would be another



"Is this yours or mine?"

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Majolica Swan. The majolica swan, rescued by Mr. Collins from a house of ill fame, had eventually been bought with enthusiasm by a doe-eyed lady from London, who featured it in an article in *Country Life;* but in the interim it had caused Mr. Edom acute embarrassment—its eye was so horribly knowing and its plumage so pink. Meanwhile, it was already past nine o'clock and he had not even opened his letters. "The whole morning gone!" he muttered to himself. This was overheard, as he had intended it to be, by Mr. Collins. But it fell on deaf ears. Mr. Collins could think of nothing but how soon he could get into the yard and have another look at his love, his nonpareil, his princess snatched from Saracens. Young men traditionally fall in love with mature women. Mr. Collins was madly in love with his matron in ecstasy and believed she was a Bernini.

His wish was answered sooner than he dared expect. Though thirty shillings is not a great sum, one can't disburse it without feeling some degree of interest in what one has got in exchange. "That figure," said Mr. Edom in a dispassionate voice, "that image, that whatever you call her—I suppose we ought to have a look at her. Mrs. Knowles will call us if anyone comes in."

Secluded in the yard, the lady looked even more commandingly rapt and enskied. A fine figure of a woman, and further extended by her state of ecstasy, she was as tall as Mr. Collins, and considerably taller than Mr. Edom. She had been put down with a jolt. There were trickles of yellowish powder on the stones, and more lay in the folds of her draperies. "When I was a youngster, I'd have been set to go into every one of those holes with a needle and paraffin wax," said Mr. Edom.

"You learned the hard way," Mr. Collins said.

"I did."

They walked round her once more.

"They've let her go too far," said Mr. Edom. "Mind you, it's not a style I'm in sympathy with. But when you think what a lot of work someone must have put into her, it seems a shame, I must say."

"Do you know what the small man told me? He told me that Father Brady said if they would take her off his hands they were welcome to whatever they could get selling her for kindling."

"She's too wormed to be any good as kindling."

Once more they walked round the lady. Mr. Edom gave her a smart tap on the bosom and said, "T'cha!" There was reproach in his tone, but there was regret, too. "Of course we could kill the worm. Any fool can kill worm nowadays—I'll say that for those scientific chaps. But suppose we stop it? What are we to do with her then?"

"Put her in the Galleries."

"I thought you'd say that. But what about my good name, Collins? Haven't I made it a rule never to sell anything with a trace of worm? Only last month you saw me turn down those Trafalgar chairs. I could have sold them a dozen times over, but I wouldn't look at them. So what are people going to say when they come in and find this?"

"Religious art's different. People who won't stand two wormholes in a sideboard wouldn't look at a saint without them. Give them wormholes and you give them something for their imagination to play on."

"People are fools enough for anything," said Mr. Edom. The condemnation, however, seemed to afford him a secret pleasure; it was as though he were about to burst into some after-dinner confidence. He repressed it, and glared stonily before him. "There's one thing, and that's flat. Before you lay as much as a finger on her, Collins, I'm going to make sure Father Brady doesn't think I'm by way of buying his throwouts. No misunderstandings on that score. Yes, Mrs. Knowles?"

"There's an old party picking up wineglasses. Name like Periscope."

Identifying a familiar customer, Mr. Edom reëntered the Galleries, saying, "Good morning, Mrs. Killigrew." Mrs. Killigrew, as usual, was finding it hard to make up her mind. Mr. Edom, most unusually, found himself in the same predicament. Should he? Shouldn't he? And if he should, what was the right word? That acknowledgment of the victory of science over woodworm had tweaked his thoughts toward other fumigations. Had the lady in an ecstasy been, so to speak, dealt with before she was thrown out? The word wasn't likely to be "excommunicated," and "decontaminated" seemed needlessly injurious. But had she been dealt with? Did remnants of sanctity still lurk about her; was she still part of the Roman Catholic Church? He was not a superstitious man.

Mrs. Killigrew was still unable to decide whether a fitted workbox wasn't after all what she would rather buy than the six engraved wineglasses she really needed, when a dealer named Smollet, trading in London under the name of Roderick Random, came in for a look round. He was followed by Miss Larpent, who said, looking rather wild and hard-pressed, that she wanted—now, what was the name? Yes! An egg timer—one of those nice old-fashioned things where you stood the sand upside down; and consoled herself, when told there wasn't one, by helping Mrs. Killigrew make up her mind. The pursuit of something Mrs. Killigrew might want even more had got her into the back of the Galleries and poking behind a scrapwork screen, in case the morning's marvel was there, when a couple of Swedes came in, both enormously tall, magnificently muscular, and speaking perfect English. What they wanted was Art Nouveau hatpins. Mr. Edom was prepared for this craze. Under the bulging eyes of Miss Larpent he unlocked a drawer and produced two Celtic bosses and a blister-pearl snail on an ivy leaf—and made a nice little profit on the transaction, having bought them off a white-elephant stall for eighteenpence apiece. The Swedes, their passion satisfied, marched out; presently Mrs. Killigrew, the wineglasses, and Miss Larpent were gone, too. Mr. Edom drew Smollet aside for a quiet cigarette. Smollet was a pleasant, conversable fellow, who took the vagaries of the antique trade with philosophy. Of late, he had specialized in paintings, so Mr. Edom inquired, "How are Landseers?" and heard that they were getting a bit too pricey but that Smollet had been uncommonly lucky with an Augustus Egg. Rosa Bonheur, too, was worth attention. And religious art, asked Mr. Edom, how was that doing? "Do you do much with fumed-oak suites?" replied Smollet. "Mrs. Salt says she's buying Overbecks. Well, she can afford to. A woman must have her whim. But I haven't heard that she's sold one. As for anything larger than you can keep in your pocket for a pet, it's doornails. You can't even sell it to churches now—not since that chap Picasso went off on chapels. That's what started the rot." Mr. Edom looked at Mr. Collins, who was tidying up after Mrs. Killigrew and not even needing to pretend he wasn't listening. Thinking of his wormy idol, he moved with a swelling port, and smirked.

Smollet, as politeness bid, was praising the unspeculative, irreproachable classicism of Mr. Edom's stock, and assuring him he had chosen the better part, when the telephone rang. Mr. Collins answered it. A high-pitched gusty yell surged into the Galleries. Mr. Collins turned pale, said, "It's Father Brady," and handed the receiver, still gustily resounding, to Mr. Edom, who, holding it away from his ear and speaking with exasperating calm, said, "Indeed" and "By all means" and "Any time that suits Your Reverence" and finally, "The sooner the better." In the electric pause that followed, Smollet announced that he must be going, but would look in again next month, and was gone.

Mr. Edom turned to his assistant. "Collins, what exactly did you say to those men in the yard?"

"I'm afraid I called Father Brady a Vandal—because they didn't know what Goth meant. I also said he was an ignoramus, and didn't know a work of art from a boiled potato, and that I hoped his kneelers would choke him. I'm afraid I went too far."

"Not at all, not at all."

"If you want me to, I'll apologize."

"No, no. But leave the rest to me. Let's see, now—which would be the best chair for him? I think we'll put him in the bergère."

THE bergère was squat. Father Brady, accustomed to using every inch of his commanding stature, was reduced to glaring out over his knees.

"Now then," he demanded, "what's all this hullabaloo about?"

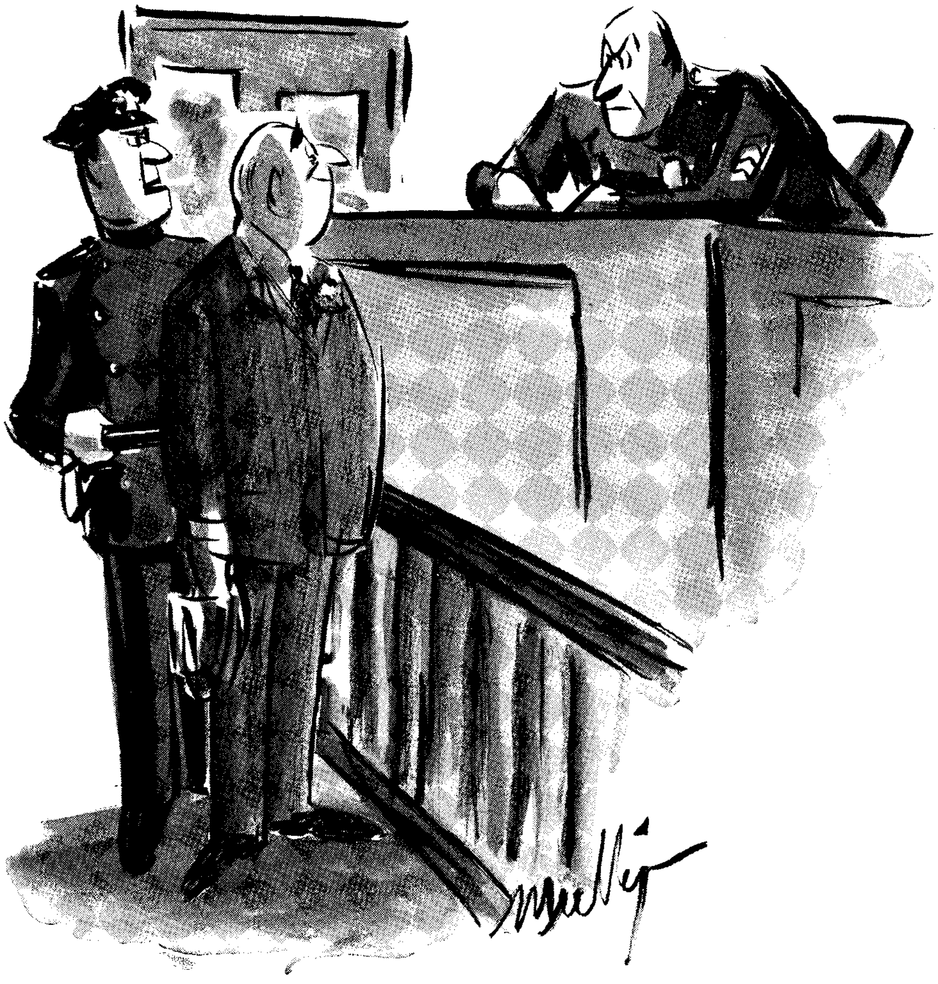
Mr. Edom looked at him inquiringly.

"I haven't come here to quarrel, mind you," Father Brady went on. "I'm a man of peace. But I've been hearing this, and I've been hearing that, till I'm perfectly bejingled. And I mean to stay till I've got to the bottom of it."

"I'm always pleased to see people come in. No obligation to buy."

Mr. Collins started at hearing his Mr. Edom, who spoke as an equal to Smolletts and Roebecks, assume this grovelling, commercial tone. Father Brady started, too—apprehensively—and muttered something about looking in nearer Christmas. There followed a long pause, during which Christmas, though imperceptibly, drew nearer. "There's being too much talk altogether," Father Brady said. "Odious, harmful talk."

He spoke feelingly, because he spoke of his own sufferings. It had begun with the milkman, who while delivering milk at the presbytery told the housekeeper that he had witnessed Jim Ensor and Herb Lake offering to sell a statue to Mr. Edom and boasting they had got it out of St. Philomena's. Quelling this alarm ruined his breakfast. His ears were still ringing with his housekeeper's assurances that even if Jim Ensor and Herb Lake had not in this instance committed a larceny it was only natural to conclude that they had, since their characters were notorious, and everybody knew how Dorothy Ensor and—to her shame be it spoken—Mrs. Patsy Wendover feasted on early peas and the first asparagus filched from the market under the noses of honest customers who couldn't afford such delicacies, so sacrilege would be nothing to that pair, when the pair in question were back with their handcart, offering to remove anything else His Reverence wanted to get rid of. It was from Lake, venting his spleen at being told there was nothing more for them, that he heard how the assistant had described him as a scandal, an ignoramus, and a boiled potato. Scan-



"Trying to sell the Verrazano Bridge."

THE WIRE FORESTS

On their sides, resembling fallen timbers without rough
Barks—a hundred feet apart—lie power poles.
Just yesterday, this road was edged
With eucalyptus; in aisles,
Between rows of trees, seats for the aged.
Now tree odors hover in the air, residues of life.
The poles are erected. The frigid,
Passionless verticals
Strive
To fill the socket-shaped holes
Left by trees. Identical, cement-wedged
Below, parasitically fastened to live wires above
Tree impostors, never to be budged
From a telegraphic owl's
Knowitallness, they stand—rigid!
Sad children, wishing to climb, scan the miles
And miles of uninterrupted electric forests for leaves.

—LAURENCE LIEBERMAN

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dal was a thing to be avoided at all costs; but before he could see what avoiding action could be taken Miss Palk was upon him, roaring that the statue had been at St. Philomena's even in her mother's day and had always been known to be immensely valuable; and that if nobody else would act with a vestige of Christian feeling she would drag it away from Mr. Edom with her own hands, to teach him and his ruffianly hirelings they couldn't steal church property unresisted, even if they did get up before sunrise to do so. She was still declaiming, and the poodle was barking at the presbytery cat, and the housekeeper, who had arrived to defend the cat, was remaining to explain to Miss Palk how the whole affair was a plot to scandalize His Reverence's name—Herb Lake had out and out confessed it, and for Herb Lake to tell the truth was something so out of the common that you needs must believe him when he did—when the milkman's sister came rushing in with the news that the Jews were after it already; there were three of them in the Galleries smoking cigars with Mr. Edom, and a Jaguar two doors farther down, with tiger-skin upholstery and a bloodhound on the back seat. Father Brady had flown for shelter to St. Philomena's, where, secluding himself in a confessional, he had prayed violently to Our Lady Help of Christians to be kept in charity with all men. But when he crept out, his housekeeper was waiting for him, and rubbed so much salt and sympathy into his wounds that by the time he rang up the Abbey Antique Galleries he was as angry as anyone could wish.

Unfortunately, he had set out with such impetus that he had not arranged his anger under headings. So now he repeated that there had been too much talk.

Mr. Edom nodded gravely, and contrived, Mr. Collins noticed, to look as though he were Father Brady's bishop, who hoped to temper justice with mercy but at present couldn't see his way to.

"I'm a busy man," Father Brady said. "And the parish, praise God, is growing by leaps and bounds, without a whisper of a curate. So let me tell you in plain words, I've neither time nor patience for being scandalized and slandered."

Mr. Edom held up a hand for silence, and said in silvery tones, "I was afraid this would happen. I and my assistant did our best. But we were too late. There were people about. The statue was on the handcart, exposed to public gaze. It was bound to create remark. And the language of the two porters was injudicious. They shouldn't have used the expression, 'thrown out by His Reverence.' "

"And haven't I a perfect right to throw her out?"

"As to that, I can't say."

"It was alive with the worm."

"Shockingly so. It must have been neglected for years. But the expression 'thrown out by His Reverence' should never have been used. As I said, we did all in our power to avert scandal. But it was too late. No one," said the bishop feelingly, "regrets the incident more than I. Mr. Collins, my assistant, will bear me out."

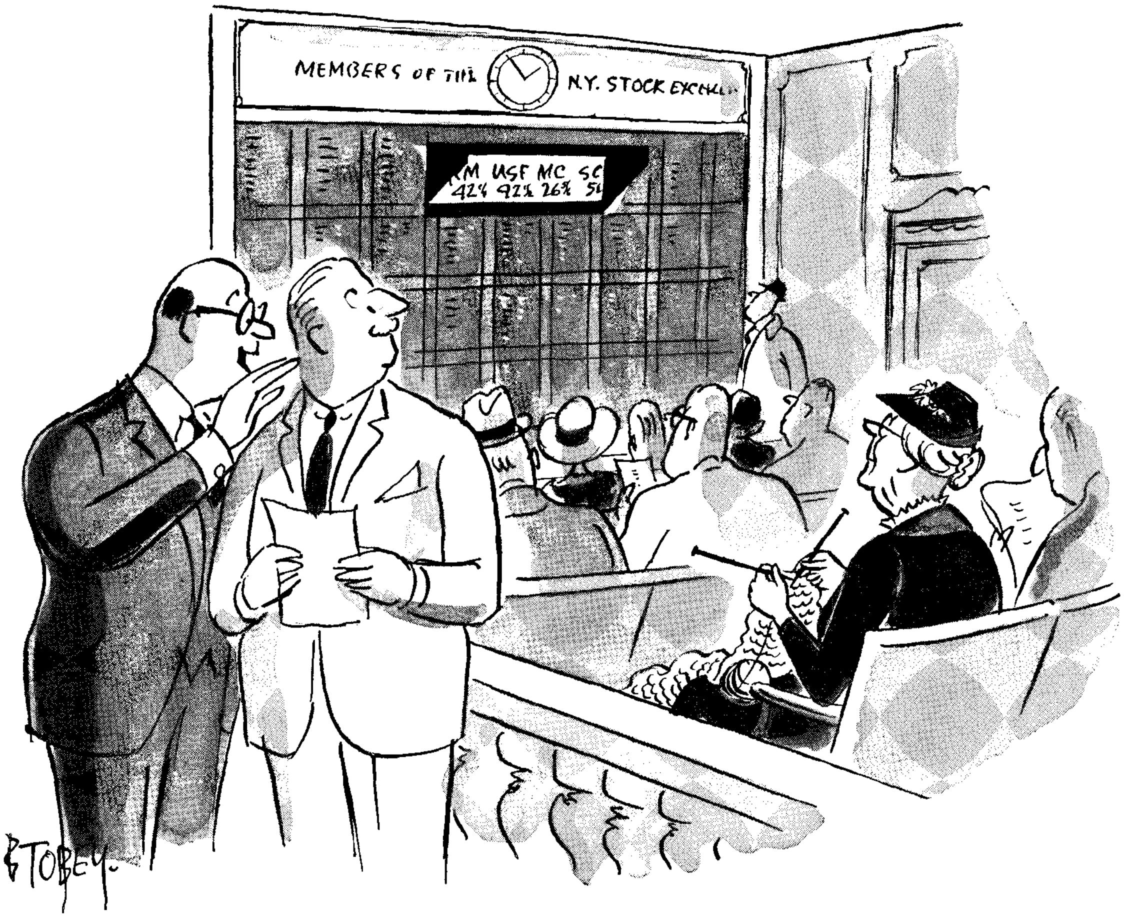
"It was the irreverence," confirmed the chaplain, "that was so awful. She might have been a carcass of beef, the way they hauled her about."

The accents of truth often miscarry. These did. Father Brady said with a snort, "Well, we're used to being blamed for worshipping images. Now it seems we're as bad if we don't. There's no pleasing you." And feeling that he had got the last word, he scrambled out of the bergère. The interview had not gone as he had intended. He had been out-generalled, though he could not see how; but being in the main a sensible man, he admitted a defeat and sensibly went away to think about something else.

It was expected that the Helen of all this rumpus would figure in the window immediately. When she did not, it was taken as proof that the Jews had got her, that she had been bought for the nation, that Mr. Edom, having stolen her, was afraid to exhibit her, that he was warming his toes at her on these chilly September evenings.

"Take your time," Mr. Edom had said to his assistant, fending off the horrid hour of her reappearance. Mr. Collins obeyed. There was a disused privy in the yard, and this he converted into a fumigating chamber and gave his darling three separate doings. Then he aired her, to get some of the smell out. Then he brushed her. Then he restored her nose with plastic wood, and did a few small repairs to her draperies, and colored the renovations to match the rest of her. Then he oiled her all over, and left the oil to sink in; and repeated the process. Then he wax-polished her. Even when all this was done, her complexion had a bleached, hungry look, so he went to the beauty shop in Abbey Circus and bought eyeshade of various tints, grease paints, dry rouge, and a *basané* face powder. His first attempts were too dramatic and had to be removed with cotton batting; but by delicately dabbing on, wiping off, and judging the effects from a distance he achieved his intention: which was to suggest that in her High Baroque youth she had been colored, and retained traces of it. Mr. Edom, disapproving but engaged, recommended a final application of selected grime and a faint streak of cobalt in a fold of her draperies, together with a judicious aging of her profile by sandpapering.

The horrid hour had come. Somehow or other, he must reconcile himself to having her in the Galleries. At the last moment, he saw a chink of hope and generously suggested that



"No matter how sharp the break in prices, she's never been known to drop a stitch!"

Mr. Collins might like to keep her in his lodgings, for private enjoyment. It didn't work. Mr. Collins' first pure passion had been corrupted by the ostentation of the creator; he had done such a good job on her that he wanted to see it appreciated. Vowing that never again would he give Collins his head, Mr. Edom helped to carry her into the Galleries. This was on a Friday evening, after closing hours. They moved her from place to place; they tried her in front of the scrapwork screen, behind the day bed, beside the harp. Wherever they tried her, she appeared aggressively human. "The only thing to do," said Mr. Edom at length, "is to sky her. Get the stepladder, and we'll hoist her on top of the court cupboard." Skied, she seemed to settle down. Mr. Collins admitted this, though he wished the court cupboard were not in a corner, and an ill-lit one at that.

"I suppose she'll be noticed, up there."

"Bound to be."

On Saturday evening Mr. Edom was roused from his Madeira and walnuts by P. C. Davenport. P. C. Davenport had been proceeding down St. John Street when his ear was caught by a loud scream coming from the Galleries. Making a forcible entry and thereby setting off the burglar alarm, he had found Mrs. Knowles in a crouching position under a table, uninjured but hysterical. She had been tidying round as usual, she stated, when she looked up and saw something right over her, as large as a stuffed bear. P. C. Davenport put this down to imagination; he had not been able to see anything like a bear. But Mrs. Knowles being so upset, he had thought it best to take her straight home before coming to report.

Even in panic flight, Mrs. Knowles had broken nothing. Formally introduced to the matron in an ecstasy, and admitting that, on a steadier view, the likeness to a bear was fanciful, she continued to assert that if she were to come in on Saturdays she must bring Doris with her. Doris was as sensible as if she were a grown girl; she would finger nothing, provided she had a toffee apple to occupy her mind. But if Doris did not finger, she must have exhaled, for she left tidemarks of stickiness.

Doris was not all Mr. Edom had to contend with. There was also Miss Palk. Miss Palk had constituted herself a sort of recording sacristan. Whenever she saw strangers in the Galleries (and as her flat was almost immediately opposite, she had every opportunity to do so), she would appear at their elbow and draw their attention to the immensely valuable and ancient statue from St. Philomena's—though now, alas, it didn't look at all the same, her dear mother would have been hard put to it to recognize the object of her special devotion. This would not have helped sell the figure, even if anyone had shown signs of buying it; but no one had, except a lady from the north, in tweeds with diamonds, who said there ought to be a Fund for buying back what should never have been torn from its rightful church, and how willingly she would support it if there were. Why didn't Miss Palk insist on a collecting box being kept in the shop? It was the least the proprietor could do. Knowledgeable visitors commented on the unaccommodating particularity of baroque—it just didn't Mix. The more frivolous complained that somehow or other they had got sticky. Children asked who that lady was, and if she could be wound up to play tunes. But Mr. Edom's familiar and valued customers said nothing and looked elsewhere, except for Mrs. Otter, who with a flash of her old spirit said she loved Mr. Edom's fallen Elizabeth Fry.

By now it was November. The mists from the Abbey water meadows crept through the town in a medieval way, as though they carried pestilence. Noises were loud and ungainly, for there was no resilience in the air. Shoes were plastered with dead leaves. A death sweat came out on anything French-polished. Mrs. Knowles said it would be a green Christmas and we all knew what came of that. She glanced at Mr. Edom as she spoke. Though deaths in general are enjoyable, she would be sorry to see Mr. Edom fattening a churchyard; and it looked to her as though he were not what he was. To Mr. Edom it looked as though his shop were not what it was. Apart from hauntings by Doris and Miss Palk, it had lost tone. The wrong people were coming in, and far too many of them. They bargained, they jostled, they damaged; they didn't appreciate what they bought, but said it would do for Christmas presents. Ever since the ecstatic lady's advent, the Galleries had been going down—as neighborhoods do when the Irish get in. She was a false note, like disproportioned sin, like the Majolica Swan. He smiled grimly when he remembered debating with himself on that fatal morning whether she ought to be unfrocked—which wasn't the word either. A dozen exorcisms would have made no difference. He had no one but himself to blame. He should never have given way. He knew at the time he should have spurned her.

He was scrupulous not to say a word of reproach to Mr. Collins. Mr. Collins felt the scruples, and would have preferred reproaches, as he could have called them unjustified. It seemed to him that if Mr. Edom could be got to take an interest in the lady on the court cupboard he might then become reconciled to her. Trying to arouse this interest he said one morning, when hope was predominating over experience, that as Christmas was coming, why not move her down into the window and make a feature of her? They could corroborate her with the coffin stool and one or two folios; these would be in keeping—at any rate, their bindings would be. Mr. Edom replied that he could do as he pleased.

There was a letter in Mr. Edom's hand. It was from Smollet, to say that if the slate-topped chess table was still about he would like it; and that he would look in during the afternoon. Thank God, Collins couldn't get her down singlehanded. Though it was inevitable that Smollet should notice her, at least she would be decently on high.

Smollet noticed her with his first flicking glance; but he said nothing, though his glance had several times reverted, and presently dwelled. Inevitably, Miss Palk tripped in, and began her recital. "I really must introduce myself. I am one of her admirers, too. I have known her since I was a wee child, when my mother, who was an expert wood carver herself, told me—"

"Now *where* have I seen you before?" murmured Smollet, gazing upward.

"At St. Philomena's, at St. Philomena's! It's so tragic that she isn't there any longer. We all miss her dreadfully. But she looked far more beautiful there. She's never been quite the same since."

"Not so long ago, either," continued Smollet. "Was it in Bavaria, last year? Or in Luxembourg, on my way back from Aix?"

"Oh, but she's been in St. Philomena's ever since my mother—"

"I've got it!" Smollet snapped his fingers, and turned to Mr. Edom. "She's one of the Nine Muses in the Prince-Bishop's theatre at Dudelsacker. Quite a fair copy, too, except for the nose. Whoever put that nose on can't have seen the original article, where it's turned up. That's what foxed me."

"But . . . but . . ."

Becoming aware of Miss Palk foaming beside him, he gave her a slight pat, and said firmly, "You ought to go to Dudelsacker."

Silently, Mr. Edom offered him a cigar.

"Thank you. I will. But fancy seeing her here! How did you come by her, Edom? She's not quite in your usual line."

"It's a long story," said Mr. Edom, glancing toward Miss Palk.

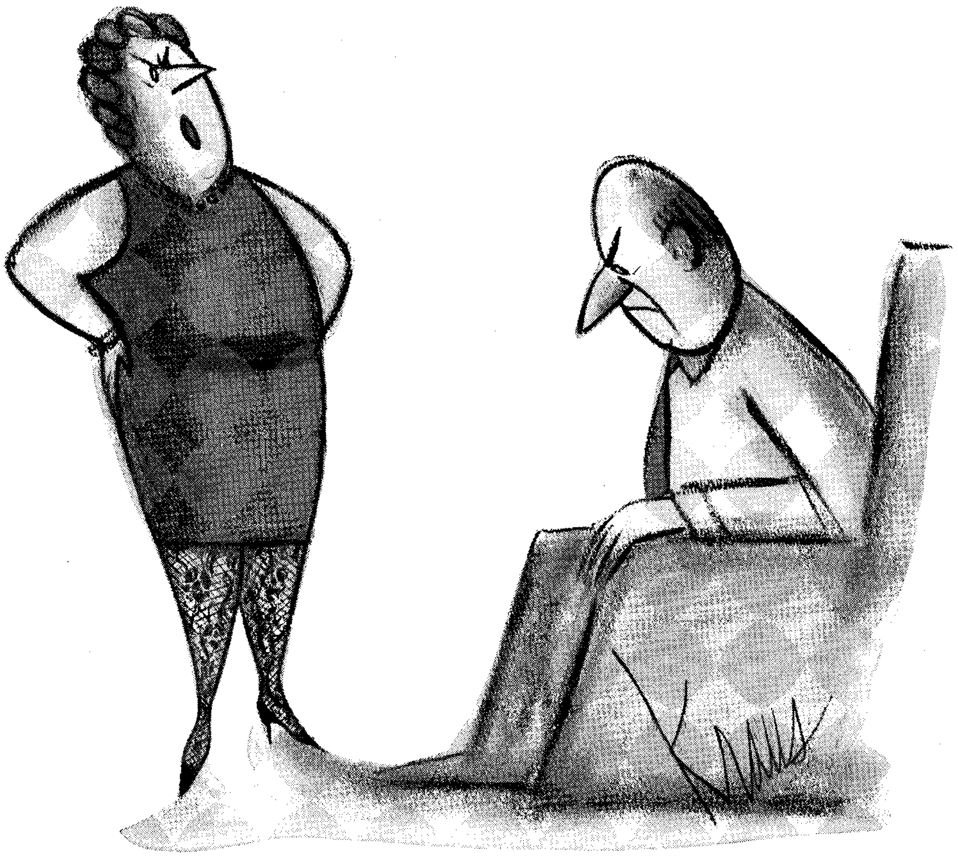
After she'd gone, they sat down and he told it. It did him a great deal of good; and as he dilated on Mr. Collins' discerning eye and restoring hand, it didn't do Mr. Collins any harm. Smollet stood on the stepladder to look more carefully into the restorations. He laughed, but there was technical admiration in his laugh. "You ought to be in London with me," he remarked. "You're wasted down here with the only honest dealer in England."

"I couldn't do without him," said Mr. Edom.

They agreed to dine together, and Smollet promised to send down his photographs of the Prince-Bishop's Muses, so that Mr. Collins could do another nose.

The photographs came. The lady went back to the workshop. Since she never reappeared in the Galleries, it became certain that the Jews had got her. The new nose threw a completely new light on her character, releasing a pagan complacency and elation. No longer an embarrassment to Mr. Edom, no longer a Bernini to Mr. Collins, no longer a false note, she became, briefly, their private pet. And on Christmas Eve—by which time she had been brightly painted and lavishly gilded—she was taken by car, under a tartan rug, to a Catholic orphanage three counties away. There, in the porch, at 1 A.M. precisely, they left her—a Saint, a Muse, and shortly, they hoped, to be as good as a Circus.

—Sylvia Townsend Warner



"*If I weren't your wife, you'd like them!*"

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The Weather Bureau said a high-pressure area centered on the Carolinas had brought a southwesterly flow of farm air here.—*The Times.*

Ahhhh!

PROFILES

RHYTHM IN MY MIND

LATE last winter, Earl "Father" Hines, the consummate pianist and the peer of Louis Armstrong and Jack Teagarden and Coleman Hawkins, gave a concert at the Little Theatre, on West Forty-fourth Street, that is still mentioned with excitement and awe by those fortunate enough to have been there. The obstacles Hines faced that night were formidable. He was fifty-nine, an age when most jazz musicians have become permanently slow-gaited; he had, except for a brief night-club appearance, been absent from New York for ten years, and the occasional recordings that had floated east from Oakland, where he had settled, had done little to provoke demands for his return; and he had never before attempted a full-length solo recital—a feat that few jazz pianists, of whatever bent, have carried off. He met these hindrances by first announcing, when he walked onstage, that he was not giving a concert but was simply playing in his living room for friends, and by then performing with a brilliance that touched at least a part of each of his thirty-odd numbers. Not only was his celebrated style intact but it had taken on a subtlety and unpredictability that continually pleased and startled the audience. Even Hines' face, which has the nobility often imparted by a wide mouth, a strong nose, and high cheekbones, was hypnotic. His steady smile kept turning to the glassy grimace presaging tears. His eyes—when they were open—were bright and pained, and his lower lip, pushed by a steady flow of grunts and hums, surged heavily back and forth. He made quick feints to the right and left with his shoulders, or rocked easily back and forth, his legs wide and supporting him like outriggers. Between numbers, that smile—one of the renowned lamps of show business—made his face look transparent. It was exemplary showmanship—not wrappings and tinsel but the gift itself, freely offered.

I found Hines' fervency and grace indelible, and when he appeared with a small band for a week at Birdland not long ago, I called him at the midtown hotel where he was staying and asked if I could visit him. His voice was heavy, but he spoke quickly and clearly: "Man, that's a hard job at Birdland. It's ten to four, which I'm not used to anymore, and it wears me out.

Earl Hines

I got to bed at seven yesterday, but I had to be up and downtown for my cabaret card, then to a booking agency, then to a rehearsal for the Johnny Carson show. I didn't get to bed until six-thirty this morning, and then some damn fool called me at nine and said [his voice went falsetto], 'Is this Earl Hines, and did you write "Rosetta"?' I won't say what I said. So I'm a little stupid. I'm *breathing*, but I don't feel like jumping rope. You come tomorrow around one. It's my last day at Birdland, and maybe I'll feel better because of it."

When I arrived, Hines was stretched out on his bed watching an old Edward G. Robinson movie on television. He had on white pajamas, a silver bathrobe, and brown slippers. A silk stocking hid the top of his head. The room was small and hot and cluttered with suitcases, and its single window faced a black air shaft. Hines' eyes were half shut and there were deep circles under them. He motioned me to a chair at the foot of his bed and asked me to turn down the television. "I haven't eaten yet, so I just ordered up some chicken-gumbo soup and a Western omelette and plenty of coffee and cream. It'll probably come by suppertime, the way room service goes here. Yesterday, I asked for ham and eggs for breakfast and they sent a ham steak and candied sweets and string-beans and rolls, and when I called down, the man said he was two blocks from the kitchen and how could he help what the chef did?" Hines laughed—or, rather, barked—and rubbed a hand slowly back and forth across his brow. "I mean, I don't know what has caused New York to tighten up so. All the hotels—including this one—want musicians to pay in advance. My goodness, it's almost dog-eat-dog. Pittsburgh, where I'm from, is a country town compared to New York, where it takes every bit of energy to keep that front up. The streets are all littered up, and last night I go in the back door at Birdland and three guys are laying there, sick all over theirselves. Next time, I go in the front door, and two guys want a dime, a quarter. I've been all over this country and Canada and Europe, and how clean and nice they are. I'd be ashamed to tell people I was from New York. Maybe I been away from home too long. It's three months now. I finish this recording date I have with Victor tomorrow and the next day and—boom!—I'm off. Stanley Dance—he's the jazz writer and an old friend from England—set up the Victor date. He's coming by around now with tapes of some records I made with my big band in the late thirties that Victor is bringing out again. He wants me to identify a couple of the soloists. My man Stanley."

There was a knock, and a portly, mustached man walked briskly in. He was carrying a small tape recorder. "Hey, Stanley," Hines said, and sat up straight.

"Did you get a good sleep?" Dance asked, in a pleasant Essex accent.

"Oh, people start calling at eight or nine again, but I'll sleep later, I'll rest later. I'm not doing *nothing* for a month when I get home."

"If it's all right, I'll play the tapes now, Earl." Dance put the machine on a luggage stand and plugged it in.

Hines stood up, stretched, and pummelled his stomach, which was flat and hard. "I haven't been sick since I was twelve years old. In the thirties, when we were on tour in the East, I'd work out with Joe Louis at Pompton Lakes. We'd sit on a fence awhile and talk, and then we'd throw that medicine ball back and forth. That's why my stomach is so hard today." He sat down next to the tape recorder, crossed his ankles, clasped his hands in his lap, and stared at the machine. Dance handed me a list of the titles on the Victor reissue and started the tape. The first

number, "Piano Man," was fast and was built around Hines' piano.

Hines listened attentively, his head cocked. "I haven't heard that in I don't know *how* long," he said. "That was a big production number in the show at the Grand Terrace, in Chicago, where I had my band from 1928 to 1940. I played it on a white grand piano and all the lights would go down, except for a spot on me and on each of the chorus girls, who were at tiny white baby grands all around me on the dance floor. When I played, they played with me—selected notes I taught them. Just now at the end I could picture the girls going off. Gene Krupa came in a lot, and he used that number for *his* show number—'Drummin' Man.' He just changed the piano parts to drum parts. I told him he was a Tom Mix without a gun." Hines laughed. "What's that?" he asked when the next number began.

" 'Father Steps In,' " Dance said.

Hines hummed the melody with the band. A trumpet soloed. "That's Walter Fuller. He was my work horse." An alto saxophone came in. "That's Budd Johnson, my Budd. He'll be down at Victor tomorrow. He usually played tenor." Hines scat-sang Johnson's solo note for note. "He sounds like Benny Carter there."

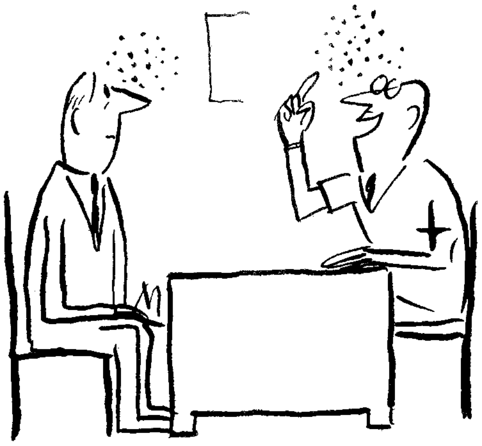
"G. T. Stomp," "Ridin' and Jivin'," and " 'Gator Swing" went by. "The only trouble with this record, Earl, is there are so many fast tempos," Dance said.

"It was a very hot band. That's why the people were all so happy in those days. Nobody slept at the Grand Terrace. When we went on the road, the only band we had trouble with in all the cutting contests there used to be was the Savoy Sultans, the house group at the Savoy Ballroom, in Harlem. They only had eight pieces, but they could swing you into bad health. They'd sit there and listen and watch, and when you finished they'd pick up right where you'd left off and play it back twice as hard. We had a chance, we ducked them. *Everybody* did."

A waiter rolled in a table and placed it beside the bed. "Am I glad to see you, even if it is almost suppertime!" Hines barked, and he sat down on the bed. "Stanley, could we finish that after I've had something to eat? I only eat twice a day, and never between meals, and I get hungry. Take some coffee. Did they bring enough sugar? I like a lot of sugar and cream." He opened a suitcase beside the night table and took out a two-pound box of sugar. He put it on the table and barked again, "I never travel without my sugar bag. I learned that long ago." Hines filled a soup bowl from a tureen and buried the soup under croutons. Dance sipped a cup of coffee and watched Hines. "Earl, you were talking a bit the other day about what it was like to be the leader of a big band."

Hines looked up from his soup and put his spoon down. He wiped his mouth with a napkin. Then he picked up his spoon again. "An organization is no bigger than its leader, Stanley. You have to set an example—let them know *you* know what you're doing. An animal will fear you if you're leading, but you let down and he'll get you. Same thing with handling a big band. For that reason, I used to stay a little apart from the band, so there wouldn't be too much familiarity. But I had to be an understanding guy, a psychologist. I had to study each man, I had to know each man's ability. I'd be serious with one, joke with another, maybe take another out for a game of pool. Once in a while I'd give a little dinner for the band. But I was very strict about one thing. The band had to be on time, particularly on the road. There was a twenty-five-dollar fine if you missed the curtain in a theatre, and a dollar a minute after that. It cost five dollars if you were late for the bus, and a dollar a minute after that. We even fined the bus driver if he was late. The fines worked so well, after a while I could take them off. As I said before, I've always stayed physically in condition. The band knew I'd fight at the drop of a hat, even though I had an even disposition. I believe the only time I lost my temper was on the road when a trombonist I had was bugging me and I picked him up and had him over my head and would have thrown him off the bus if the boys hadn't stopped me.

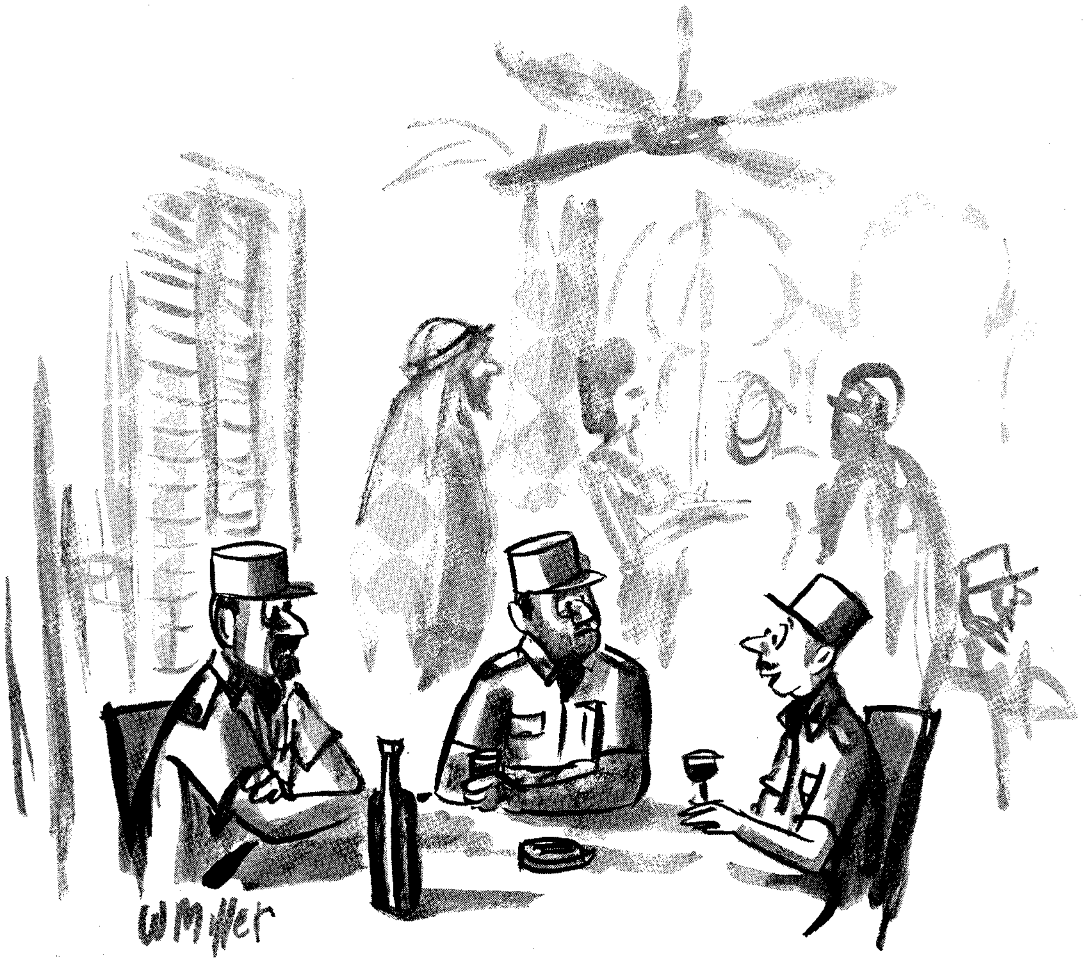
"The Grand Terrace was very beautifully done—a big ballroom with a bar in the back and mirrors on the walls, with blue lights fixed here and there on the glass. Those mirrors were like looking at the sky with stars in it. The bandstand was raised and had stairs coming down around both sides for the chorus girls and the show. The dance floor was also elevated. The Grand Terrace was the Cotton Club of Chicago, and we were a show band as much as a dance band and a jazz band. We worked seven days a week, and how we did it I don't know. There were three shows a night during the week and four on Saturday. The hours were nine-thirty to three-thirty, except on Saturday, when we worked ten to five. The chorus girls—we had fourteen or sixteen of them—were very important. They were ponies—middle-sized girls who were not overweight and could dance. Or they were parade girls, who were taller and more for just show. The chorus line, coming down the stairways, opened the show. Then there was a vocalist, he or she. A soft-shoe dancer or ballroom



team came next. Then maybe a picture number, with fake African huts and a big fire and such. The highlight of the show was a special act, like the four Step Brothers or Ethel Waters or Bojangles, and then everyone on for the finale. Sometimes a comedian like Billy Mitchell took the dancers' spot. He had a trick of turning one foot all the way around, so that that foot pointed one way and the other the other way, and he'd walk along like it was nothing and bring down the house. It was always a good hot show, with everything jumping. The girls were its heart, and they really danced. They'd come off the floor wringing wet. They spent a lot of money on their costumes, and we always had two women backstage to put on buttons and fasten snaps and adjust new costumes that sometimes didn't arrive until half an hour before show time. I was a stickler for the boys in the band dressing, too, and we had a costume fund. One cause of my feeling for clothes was George Raft. I'd visit him in his hotel room when he was in town and he'd have three trunks of clothes. He'd tell me not to buy expensive suits—just suits that looked good—and to have plenty of them and change them all the time and that way they'd last. I had shoes made to fit my suits from the Chicago Theatrical Shoe store. They were dancers' shoes—sharp-looking, with round toes, and soft, so that they fitted like a glove. Wherever I went, they'd send a new pair if I needed them, because they had my measurements. A valet took care of my clothes, and there was another valet—a band valet—for the boys."

Hines emptied the tureen into his soup bowl. "The Grand Terrace was always an orderly place. The audiences were mixed. Segregation never crossed anyone's mind. Friday nights we had college kids and we had to learn the college songs. Saturdays we got the office and shop people. Sunday was seventy-five per cent colored, and Mondays were tourists. On Wednesdays we got elderly people and played waltzes. The racketeers owned twenty-five per cent of the Grand Terrace, and they always had four or five men there—floating men. They never bothered us. 'We're here for your protection, boys,' they'd say. If they were going to run some beer from Detroit to Chicago, they'd figure the job out right in the kitchen. I'd be sitting there, but it was hear nothing, see nothing, say nothing if the cops came around. There was pistol play every night during prohibition. No shooting; just waving guns around. I was heading for the kitchen one night and this guy went pounding past and another guy came up behind me and told me to stand still and rested a pistol on my shoulder and aimed at the first guy and would have fired if the kitchen door hadn't swung shut in time. Some of the waiters even had pistols. The racketeers weren't any credit to Chicago, but they kept the money flowing. My girl vocalist might make fifteen hundred a week in tips for requests, and she'd split it with the boys, and they'd put it in the costume fund. The racketeers owned me, too, and so did the man who controlled the other seventy-five per cent of the Grand Terrace. This was something I didn't fully realize until late in the thirties. We were always paid in cash—one hundred and fifty a week for me and ninety apiece for the boys in the band. I couldn't complain. The Grand Terrace was our seat nine months of every year, and we had a nightly coast-to-coast radio hookup, which gave us solid bookings for the two or three months we were on the road. I couldn't afford to hire stars for the band, so I had to *make* my stars. In this way, I brought along Ivie Anderson, the singer, and Ray Nance, the trumpet player. Duke Ellington took both of them from me. And I developed other singers, like Ida James and Herb Jeffries and Billy Eckstine and Sarah Vaughan, and I had musicians like Trummy Young and Budd Johnson and Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker."

Hines exchanged his soup bowl for the Western omelette and poured more coffee. He chewed carefully. "We had a doctor at home, Dr. Martin, and he always said all your sickness derives from your stomach. I've never forgotten that. I was a wild kid in the twenties and thirties and I drank a lot, but what saved me was I always ate when I was drinking. The music publishers had something to do with my drinking. After we had our radio hookup, they'd come around every night, trying to get me to play this tune or that." Hines shifted into falsetto again: " 'I got a little tune here, Earl, and I wish you'd play it and blah blah blah,' and then he'd buy me a drink and another publisher would buy me a couple of more drinks and I'd end up drinking all night and then I'd have to drink some more, if we had a record session early the next day, to keep going. I'd forget where I left my car, and I got so tired sometimes I'd put on shades and play whole shows asleep, with George Dixon, my sax man, nudging me when I was supposed to come in. I never considered myself a piano soloist anyway, so I was happy to just take my little eight bars and get off. It's the public that's pushed me out and made me a soloist. Then one night the owner of the Grand Terrace said, 'Earl, you're drinking yourself to death.' I thought about that and I decided he was right. When we went on the road soon after,



"My case is different. I joined the Legion to brush up on my conversational French."

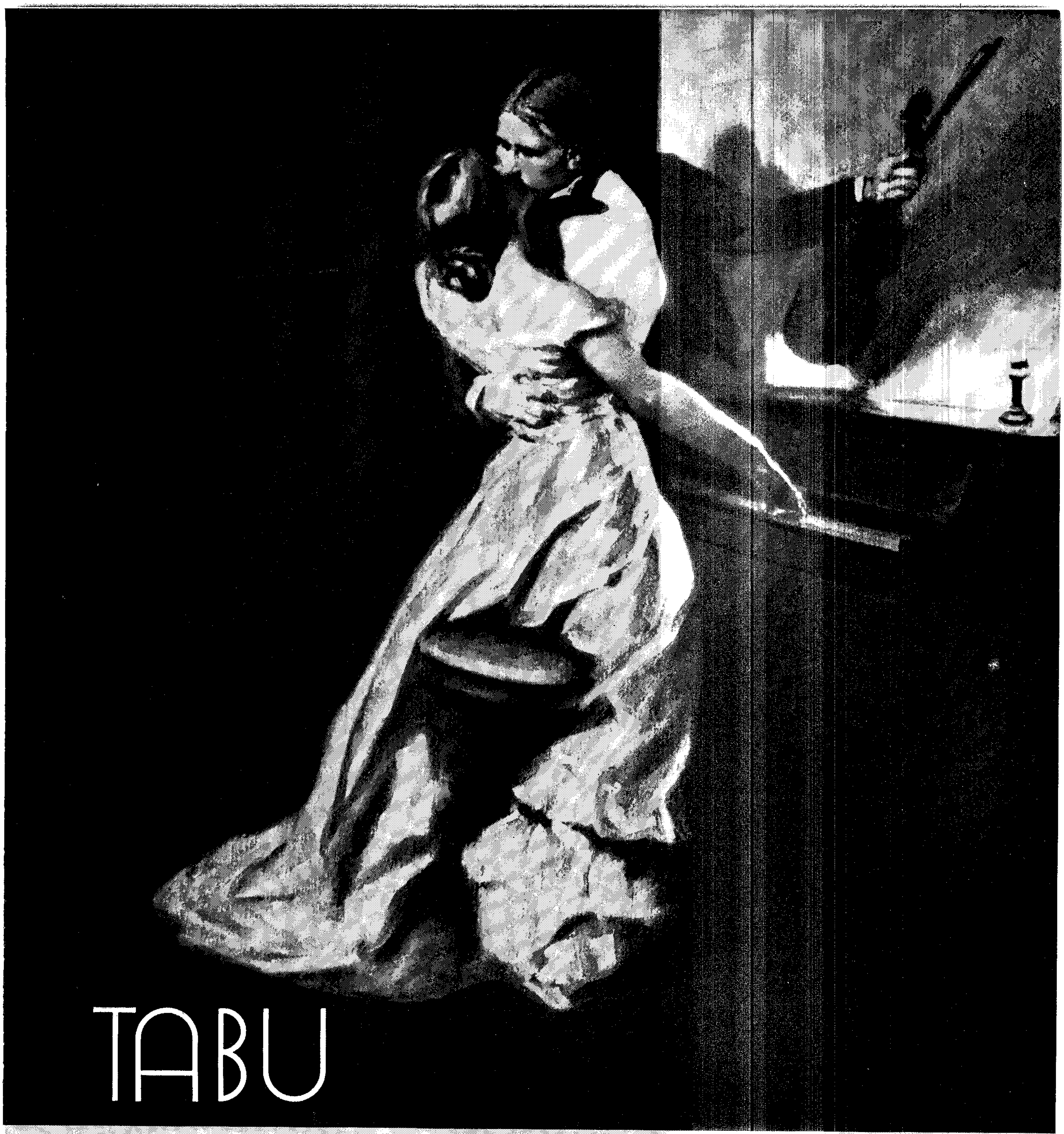
I quit. I was all skin and bones. I bought a camera and took a picture of every pretty girl I saw to pass the time, and when I came back to Chicago I weighed one hundred and eighty-five. I only drink now after I'm finished work. But people *still* are after me to buy me drinks, and you hate to keep saying no. It almost agitates you."

Hines pushed his plate away and lit a big cigar. He arranged a couple of pillows against the headboard, leaned back, and swung his feet onto the bed. He puffed quietly, his eyes shut. "The excitement of the Grand Terrace days was something you couldn't realize unless you were there," he said, in a low voice. "It was a thrill when that curtain went up and us in white suits and playing and you knew you'd caught your audience. I bought my way out of the Grand Terrace in 1940 after I finally learned about all the money I was making and wasn't seeing. I kept the band together until 1948. By then it had twenty-four musicians and strings. But things were changing, with the entertainment tax and higher prices and fewer and fewer bookings in theatres and ballrooms. I saw the handwriting on the wall, and I disbanded and went with Louis Armstrong's All Stars, which had Jack Teagarden and Sid Catlett. I didn't care for being a sideman again after all the years I'd spent building my reputation. Play some more of that tape, Stanley. Let me hear that band again."

Midway in the fourth or fifth number, I looked at Hines. His cigar was in an ashtray on the night table, his eyes were shut, and his mouth was open. He was asleep.

I HAD told Hines I would stop in at Birdland that night, and during dinner I mulled over his view of himself as reluctant soloist. The remark was surprising, for although Hines has spent a good part of his forty-year career as an influential leader of big and small bands, he is valued chiefly by musicians and listeners as a pianist. When he came to the fore in Louis Armstrong's celebrated 1928 recordings, the effect he created was stunning. No one had ever played the piano like that. Most jazz pianists were either blues performers, whose techniques were shaped by their materials, or stride pianists, whose overgrown basses and purplish right hands reflected the old-fashioned hothouse luxury of ragtime. Hines rushed into the space between these approaches with a unique, almost hornlike style. He fashioned complex, irregular single-note patterns in the right hand, octave chords with brief tremolos that suggested a vibrato, stark single notes, and advanced harmonic chords. His left hand, ignoring the stride pianists' catapult action, cushioned his right hand. He used polished tenths and offsetting, offbeat single notes, and he sometimes played countermelodies. Now and then he slipped into urgent, shimmying arhythmic passages full of broken melodic lines, heavy offbeat chords, and jagged let's-play-tag melodies. Hines and Louis Armstrong became the first jazz soloists to sustain the tension that is the secret of improvisation. Each of Hines' solos—particularly any that lasted several choruses—had a unity that was heightened by his pioneering use of dynamics. He italicized his most felicitous phrases by quickly and gracefully increasing his volume and then as quickly and gracefully letting it fall off. In this way, he gave the impression of a dancer repeatedly moving toward and receding from the listener, or of distant sounds being bandied about by the wind. At the same time, he retained the emotional substance of the blues pianists and the head-on rhythms of the stride men. His earliest recordings still sound modern, and they must have been as shocking then as the atonal musings of Ornette Coleman are now. In time, his followers included Mary Lou Williams, Teddy Wilson, Billy Kyle, Jess Stacy, Nat Cole, Eddie Heywood, Erroll Garner, and Art Tatum, the last of whom became the founder of present-day jazz piano. Hines' style has changed little. In the forties, he revealed a startling fondness for candles-and-wine music, but during the fifties and early sixties, when he spent dogged years on the West Coast with both semi-modern and Dixieland groups, he demonstrated that he could play any kind of jazz piano and keep his basic style unblemished.

Hines was at the piano when I got to Birdland. The bandstand was dark and he was alone, unreeling a progres-



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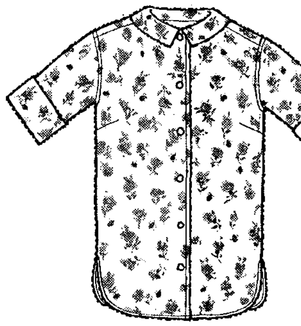

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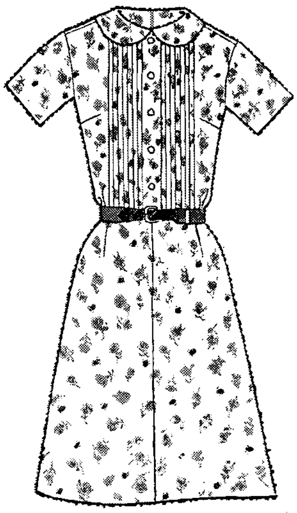

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sion of soft, Debussy chords. A couple of spotlights went on, but the illumination seemed to come from Hines himself. He was immaculate; his smile, permanently in place for the evening, gleamed, and he was wearing a dark suit and a white shirt and dark shoes. His jet-black hair was flat and combed straight back, and he appeared as limber as a long-distance swimmer. I had heard from a friend who had visited Birdland a night or two before that the group Hines happened to have at the moment was the sort of ingenuous, good-time, doubling-in-brass outfit that used to be found at the Apollo Theatre, in Harlem. It was, my friend had said, a surprising group—for Hines and for Birdland. It had a drummer and an organist, a male vocal trio, and a female alto saxophonist who sounded like Charlie Parker and who also sang. My friend was right. The next forty-five minutes were totally unpredictable, and Hines' assemblage soon seemed twice its actual size. The vocal trio sang together and separately; the organist soloed and sang a couple of numbers; the lady saxophonist not only emulated Charlie Parker but sang by herself or with the trio; the drummer took over for a long spell; and Hines, after eight-bar sips here and there, played a fifteen-minute solo medley. All this was executed with the precision of a Grand Terrace show, and when it was over, Hines, who stopped by my table, was soaking wet. "I'm trying something nobody else is," he said, mopping himself. "I've had this group six months and I want to reach young and old. You play Dixieland, you get the old and drive away the young. You play modern, you get the young and keep away the old. A girl asked me last night, 'Are you Earl Hines' son? My mother used to listen to your dad at the Grand Terrace in 1930.' The young don't believe I'm me and the old are too tired to come and see. But I want both, and the manager has told me he's seen types of people in here all week he's never seen before. People have also said I'm crazy to have such a group, that the public wants to hear my piano, and that's why I put that medley in every show. This band is a kind of variation of what I was trying to do in my own club in Oakland, which opened last December. It had an international tinge. I had Irish and Chinese dancers and Italian and Japanese vocalists. I had Negro and Chinese and white waiters. I had Jewish musicians. I had Mexican and Chinese comedians. Then I found out one of my partners wasn't international and that the other didn't know much about show business, and I got out."

Hines ordered coffee, finished mopping himself, and lit a cigar. I asked him what went through his mind when he was improvising. "I don't think I *think*. I have a photographic memory for chords, and when I'm playing, the right chords appear in my mind like photographs long before I get to them. This gives me a little time to alter them, to get a little clash or make coloring or get in harmony chords. It may flash on me that I can change an F chord to a D-flat ninth. But I might find the altering isn't working the way it should, so I stop and clarify myself with an off-beat passage, a broken-rhythm thing. I always challenge myself. I get out in deep water and I always try to get back. But I get hung up. The audience never knows, but that's when I smile the most, when I show the most ivory. I've even had to tell my bass player I'm going into the last eight bars of a tune because he wouldn't know where the hell I was. I play however I feel. If I'm working a pretty melody, I'll just slip into waltz time or cut the tempo in half. My mind is going a mile a minute, and it goes even better when I have a good piano and the audience doesn't distract me. I'm like a race horse. I've been taught by the old masters—put everything out of your mind except what you have to do. I've been through every sort of disturbance before I go on the stand, but I never get so upset that it makes the audience uneasy. If one of my musicians is late, I may tell the audience when he arrives that I *kept* him off the stand because he needed a little rest. I always use the assistance of the man upstairs before I go on. I ask for that and it gives me courage and strength and personality. It causes me to blank everything else out, and the mood comes right down on me no matter how I feel. I don't go to church regularly, because I'm generally too tired from the hours I have to keep. I'd only fall asleep, and I don't believe in going just to say, yes, I go to church every Sunday. One Easter Sunday, I played in the Reverend Cobbs' church in Chicago—a standing-room-only church, he's so popular with his parishioners. I played 'Roses of Picardy.' They had three hundred voices in the choir. I played the first chorus; the choir hummed the second behind me and sang the lyrics on the third. Good God, it shook me up, the sound

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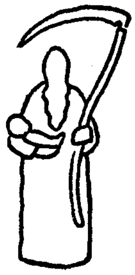
CITY________________ STATE & ZIP________ of those voices. I was nothing but goosepimples, and I stood right up off the piano stool. It was almost angelic." Hines paused and listened as the leader of the alternate group announced him onstage. He turned to me before he got up. "Why don't you come to the Victor session tomorrow? Stanley Dance is picking me up at the hotel about one and we can all jump a cab down there together."

When I left, Hines was playing a fast version of "Broadway." He was showing very little ivory.

HINES looked fresh and eager the next day. He was smoking a pipe and watching television, and he was wearing a black silk suit, a striped tan sports shirt, and pointed shoes trimmed with alligator leather. He had on a dark porkpie hat and dark glasses. Stanley Dance was telephoning. "He's checking Budd Johnson to make sure he's left for the studio," Hines said. He pointed to his glasses. "I wear these to shut out those photographers who turn up at every record session and seem like they're popping pictures of you from right inside the piano."

"Budd's on his way," Dance said. "And Jimmy Crawford and Aaron Bell are definite for drums and bass."

"Fine, fine. Stanley, bring that fake book, please, in case they ask me to play something I recorded forty years ago. Everybody but me remembers those tunes."



When we were settled in a cab, Hines leaned back and tilted his hat over his eyes. It was drizzling and the traffic was heavy. "Coming down in that elevator puts me in mind of Jack Hylton, the English bandleader, and the time he came to Chicago in the thirties. He was staying at the Blackstone and asked me if I'd come and see him. When I got there, the elevator man told me to take the freight elevator around back. Like a delivery boy. That upset me and I refused and pretty soon the assistant manager and the manager and Hylton's secretary and Hylton himself were all there and it ended in my going up in the front elevator. I don't say much about race, but it's always in the back of my head. I've tried to handle it by thinking things out up front and avoiding trouble if it can be avoided—like when I bought my house in Oakland four or five years ago. It has four bedrooms, a maid's room, family room, kitchen, parlor, and a fifty-foot patio in back. It's almost too much house. It was a white neighborhood before my wife and I and our two girls came, and I knew there might be trouble. The house belonged to a guy down on his luck and it was a mess inside and out. It's in an area where people keep their lawns nice, so before we moved in I painted the outside and installed a watering system and hired a Japanese gardener. I painted the inside and put in wall-to-wall carpets and drapes. When it was the best-looking place around, we moved in. We haven't had any trouble. But I've learned those precautions the long, hard way, beginning when we were the first big Negro band to travel extensively through the South. I think you could call us the first Freedom Riders. We stayed mostly with the Negro population and only came in contact with the Caucasian race if we needed something in a drug or dry-goods way. On our first tour, in 1931, we had a booker named Harry D. Squires. He booked us out of his hat, calling the next town from the one we'd just played and generally using his wits, like once when we got stopped for speeding. Squires told us before the cop came up, 'Now, we'll just tell him we're a young group and haven't had any work. So get out all your change and put it in a hat to show him what we're worth.' And that's just what we did. The cop got on the bus and we all sat there, looking forlorn and half starved and he looked in the hat, which had ten or twelve dollars in it, and he let us go. That was our first acting duty. Going South was an invasion for us. We weren't accustomed to the system, being from the North, and it put a damper on us. Things happened all the time. They made us walk in the street off the sidewalk in Fort Lauderdale, and at a white dance in Valdosta, Georgia, some hecklers in the crowd turned off the lights and exploded a bomb under the bandstand. We didn't none of us get hurt, but we didn't play so well after that, either. Sometimes when we came into a town that had a bad reputation, the driver would tell us—and here we were in our own chartered bus—to move to the back of the bus just to make it look all right and not get anyone riled up. We pulled into a gas station early one morning and a trombonist named Stevens got out to stretch his legs. He asked the gas-station attendant was it O.K., and he said, 'Go ahead, but I just killed one nigger. He's layin' over there in the weeds. You don't believe me, take a look for yourself.' Stevens got back on the bus quick, and the

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Henry Stimson quoted by McGeorge Bundy
Decision to Drop the Bomb/Chet Huntley
Tuesday, January 5 (8:30-10:00 PM)

" 'Pity me!', said the mouse. 'The world is growing smaller every day...There is only one corner left for me to run to, and in that corner...the mouse trap!' "

Franz Kafka/The World of Franz Kafka/Directions '65
Sunday, January 17 (1:00-1:30 PM)

"Korea is the story of a scar...barely healed, still angry and red after one of the most bitter struggles of our history."

Walter Cronkite/Korea: The Line/The Twentieth Century
Sunday, January 17 (6:00-6:30 PM)

If you watch only 2½ hours of television this month, you'll have enough to think about for the rest of the year.

Other programs of special interest in January:

New Year's Day Bowl Games
Cotton Bowl—From Dallas (Starts 1:45 PM)
Sugar Bowl—From New Orleans (Starts 1:45 PM)
Rose Bowl—From Pasadena (Starts 4:45 PM)
Orange Bowl—From Miami (Starts 7:45 PM)
Gator Bowl—From Jacksonville, Saturday, January 2 (Starts 2 PM)

Discovery '65
The Baird Puppets; Surprises and Disguises; Discovery Goes to London; Yuri and Irena Discover America
Sundays, January 3, 10, 17, 24, 31 (11:30-12 N)

Directions '65
The World of Isaac Leib Peretz; The World of Isaac Babel; The World of Franz Kafka; The World of Isaac Rosenberg
Sundays, January 3, 10, 17, 24 (1-1:30 PM)

The Decision to Drop the Bomb
Chet Huntley narrates. Footnotes by people responsible for its development and use.
Tuesday, January 5 (8:30-10 PM)

Alumni Fun
Season's premiere of information game with well-known college alumni teams.
Sunday, January 10 (4-4:30 PM)

Science All-Stars
Showcase for scientific accomplishments of young people. Premiere of second season.
Sunday, January 10 (5-5:30 PM)

The Capitol: Chronicle of Freedom
U.S. Capitol: monument to freedom, democratic government and art.
Tuesday, January 12 (10-11 PM)

Inauguration Day Ceremonies
Coverage of President Johnson's oath of office, address and parade.
Wednesday, January 20 (11 AM-5:30 PM)

The Stately Ghosts of England
Margaret Rutherford on a ghost-hunt in three of England's haunted mansions.
Monday, January 25 (10-11 PM)

The French Revolution
Michael Redgrave narrates the demise of Royalist France, the birth of the French Republic and the rise of Napoleon.
Tuesday, January 26 (10-11 PM)

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts
Leonard Bernstein presents young, talented singers and musicians.
Thursday, January 28 (8-9 PM)

The Magnificent Yankee
Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne portray Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes and his wife.
Thursday, January 28 (9:30-11 PM)

The American Sportsman
First of four monthly specials on hunting and fishing: Africa and Bermuda.
Sunday, January 31 (5-6 PM)

The Twentieth Century
Walter Cronkite narrates. TAC: The Lightning Punch; Target: North Africa; Korea: The Line; The Strange Case of Rudolf Hess; The Nisei: The Pride and the Shame
Sundays, January 3, 10, 17, 24, 31 (6-6:30 PM)

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday to Friday: Today/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: World War 1/That Was the Week That Was

Wednesdays: CBS Reports/ABC Scope

Fridays: International Showtime/The Entertainers

Saturdays: Sunrise Semester/Mr. Mayor/Exploring/Wide World of Sports/Mr. Magoo

Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Face the Nation/Watch Mr. Wizard/Issues and Answers/Sunday/Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/Twentieth Century/Meet the Press/Profiles in Courage/Walt Disney

NOTE: Times, programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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next day we read about the killing in the papers. They had a diner at another gas station, and my guitarist, who was new and very, very light-skinned, ducked off the bus and went right into the diner. He didn't know any better and we didn't see him go in. When we'd gassed up, I asked our road manager, a Jewish fellow who was swarthy and very dark, to get us some sandwiches. The counterman took one look at him and wouldn't serve him, and my road manager glanced up and there was my guitarist at the counter, stuffing down ham and eggs. We never let that manager forget. It was a happening we kept him in line with the rest of the trip.”

Hines laughed quietly and looked out of the window. It was raining heavily and we were crawling through Twenty-eighth Street. “We played a colored dance somewhere in Alabama and it worked out there was a gang of white people sitting back of us on the stage because there wasn't any more room on the floor. They'd been invited by the Negro who was giving the dance, since he worked for one of the whites. We'd only been playing fifteen minutes when along came this old captain, this sheriff man, and told me, ‘You can't have those white people up there. You get them off that stage.’ I said I didn't know anything about it. Fifteen minutes more and that cap'n was back. ‘You and these niggers get out of here and out of this town. You have half an hour.’ He escorted us personally to the town line. I found out later he knew all those white people, but they were the cream in the town and he was afraid to say anything to them, except to tell them after we'd gone that one of my boys had been looking at a white woman and that was why he drove us out. But I had me a victory in Tennessee. I went into a drygoods store to buy some shirts. The clerk said, ‘You want something, boy?’ I told him. He took me to the cheapest section. I told him I wanted to see the best shirts he had. ‘Where you from, boy, to ask for things like that?’ I pointed at some ten-dollar silk shirts. ‘Give me five of those,’ I said. ‘You want five of *those*?’ He started to laugh and I showed him a fifty-dollar bill. After that, that man couldn't get enough of me. Money changed his whole attitude. Money shamed him. I spent close to eighty-five dollars, and when I came out all these local colored boys were looking in the front window, noses on the glass. They said, ‘You go in *there*? Don't *no one* go in there!’ Well, those were the days when if you were a Negro and wanted to buy a hat and tried it on it was *your* hat whether it fitted or not.

“But there were good times, too. We were always seeing new territory, new beauty. In those days the country was a lot more open and sometimes we'd run into another band and just park the buses by the road and get out and play baseball in a field. We travelled by train also, but buses were only twenty-eight cents a mile and you kept the same bus and driver throughout a whole tour. There was always a little tonk game on the bus at night. The boys put something for a table across the aisle and sat on Coke boxes and hung a flashlight from the luggage rack on a coat hanger. I generally sat on the right side about four seats back of the driver, where I kept an eye on things. They played most of the night, and it was amusing and something to keep you interested if you couldn't sleep. Our radio broadcasts made us well known after a while and sometimes we felt like a Presidential party. People would gather around the bus and say, ‘Where's Father Hines? Where's Father Hines?’ Father was a nickname given to me by a radio announcer we had at the Grand Terrace, and one I'd just as soon be shut of now. I had a kiddish face then and they expected an *old* man from my nickname, so I'd just slip into the hotel and maybe go into the coffee shop, but when these people found out who and where I was they'd come in and stand around and stare at me. Just stand and stare and not say anything, and if I looked up they'd pretend to be looking away in the distance.”

HINES *is greeted at the R.C.A. Victor recording studio, which is on East Twenty-fourth Street, by Brad McCuen, an a.-and-r. man of Sydney Greenstreet proportions. Hines goes immediately into the studio, which is bright and chilly and thicketed with microphones. Jimmy Crawford is setting up his drums and Aaron Bell is putting rosin on his bow.*

HINES (*in a loud, happy voice*): *O solo mio, o solo mio.* Hey, Craw, man. And Aaron. A *long* time, a *long* time. (*All shake hands warmly.*) We're going to do something today.

But just leave all the doors open so we can git out when everything goes wrong.

Crawford: You look wonderful, Earl. Just wonderful.

Hines: I feel like a million dollars. (*He takes off his coat and sits down at a grand piano and rubs his hands together and blows on them. McCuen leaves a list of prospective tunes and a large gold ashtray beside Hines, who lights a cigar. McCuen is followed into the control room by Dance, still carrying the fake book. A round, genial man enters the studio. He is dressed all in brown and has an Oriental face.*) My Budd. Budd Johnson. (*The two men embrace and laugh and pound one another. Hines returns to the piano and plays ad-lib chords, which gradually crystallize into a slow "It Had to Be You." Crawford and Bell join in. Hines has already vanished into what he is doing. His mouth is open slightly and his lower lip moves in and out. His face, disguised by his hat and glasses, looks closed and secret. A photographer comes out of the control room, lies down on the floor near Hines, and starts shooting pictures. Hines finishes two choruses and stops.*) Hey, Mr. Camera Man, would you mind waiting on that? You're getting me all nervous. (*The photographer gets up, mumbles, and retreats into the control room.*) You ready, Budd? Tenor would be nice for this. Rich and slow and warm. *Pretty* tenor. I'll take the first two choruses and you come in for one. I'll come back and you come in again for the last sixteen bars.

McCuen (*in a booming voice over the control-room microphone*): Ready to roll one, Earl?

Hines: Let's do one right away. (*After the last note dies away, Hines jumps up, laughs, snaps his fingers, and spins around.*) Ooooo-*wee*. Budd, how'd you like that ad-lib ending? I couldn't do that again to save my life. I didn't know if I was going to get out alive or not. Shoo, man.

McCuen: We'll play it back.

Hines: No, let's do another real quick. I feel it. Here we go. (*The second take is faster and the ending more precise.*) All right, let's hear that. (*The music comes crashing out of two enormous loudspeakers. Hines gets up and moves over beside the nearest wall. His hands hang loose at his sides. He throws back his head, opens his mouth, and listens. He is even more concentrated than when he plays. He doesn't move until the number ends. Then he does a little dance and laughs.*) I'll buy it. I'll buy it. Beauti-

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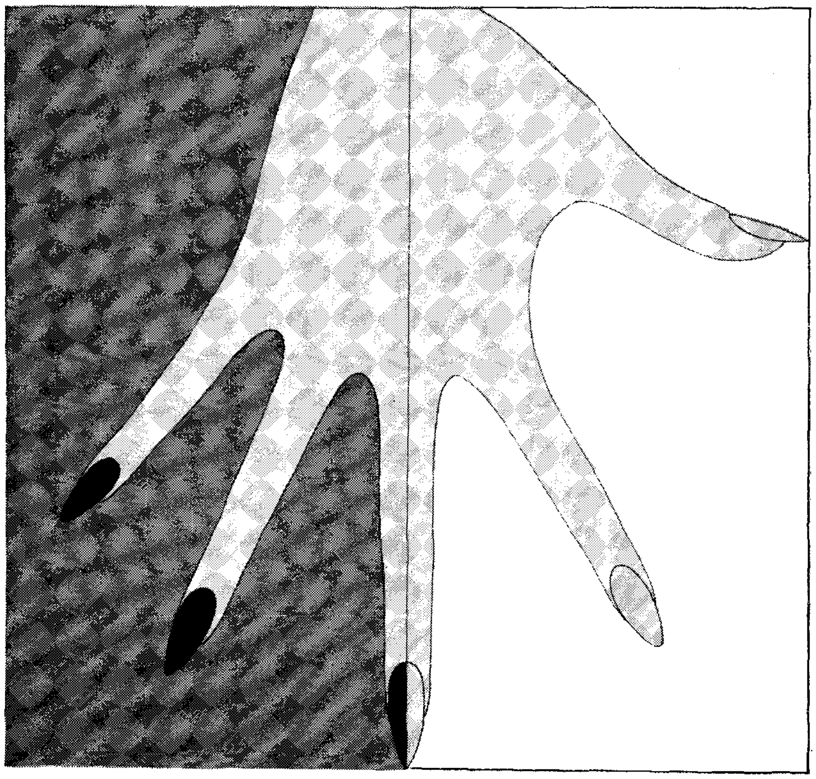

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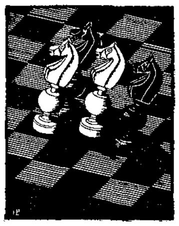
ful, Budd. Just beautiful. You can shut those doors now.

(*During the next couple of hours, the group does "I've Got the World on a String," "A Cottage for Sale," "Linger Awhile," and a fast original by Hines. Two or three takes suffice for each tune. Hines wastes no time, and after each playback he starts playing again.*)

Hines: "Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams." Budd, you rest on this one. We'll do about four choruses. (*The first take is indifferent, but on the second one Hines suddenly catches fire, moving with extraordinary intensity into the upper register in the third chorus and shaping the fourth chorus into a perfect climax.*)

McCuen: Let's try another, Earl. That opening wasn't quite right. (*Hines looks surprised, but immediately makes another take. After the playback, he shakes his head.*)



Hines: I don't know. Let's go again. (*In all, twelve takes, including false starts, are made. Each is slightly faster, and each time Hines appears less satisfied. The last take is replayed. Hines is leaning on an upright piano in the center of the studio, Bell and Johnson flanking him.*) You know, I don't *feel* it, I'm not *inside* that tune. I'm not bringing it *out.*

Bell: Earl, you know it's getting faster and faster?

Hines: Yeh? I didn't notice.

Johnson: Earl, you were *cookin'*, man, way back there on that second take, and they never did play it back for you.

Hines (*looking puzzled*): That right? Hey, Brad, can you play that *second* take for me. You never did, and I can't recall it. (*It is played, and slowly Hines' face relaxes. Johnson snaps his fingers and Bell nods his head.*) Budd, you got it, man. You were right. *That's* it, and we wasting all that time when the *good* one is just sitting there waiting to be heard. Man, I feel *young* again.

(*It is now almost six o'clock, and McCuen suggests that they meet again the next day. He thanks the musicians. Hines moves to the center of the studio, lights a fresh cigar, and stretches his arms wide. Crawford and Bell and Johnson fall into a loose semicircle before him.*)

Hines: Thank you, Craw, and Aaron. Just fine, man. Just fine. Budd, I haven't heard that baritone of yours in I don't know how long. You take Harry Carney's job away he doesn't look out. (*Johnson beams.*) The piano they got here makes it feel good, too. You play on a bad instrument and you want to take just eight bars and get out. *So* many clubs now have cheap pianos. It's the last thing the owners think of. They wouldn't put a well behind their bars and dip water out of it, instead of having faucets, so why do they have pianos that are cheap and out of tune?

Johnson: That's right, Earl.

Bell: Yeah, Earl.

Hines: In the forties, we played a place in Texas and they had a *miserable* piano. It was even full of water from a leak in the roof first night we were there. When the job was finished, Billy Eckstine and some of the boys decided to take that piano apart. Man, they clipped the strings and loosened the hammers and pulled off the keyboard and left it laying all over the floor. (*All laugh.*) I just finished four weeks in Canada, and the owner of that club must have had a hundred-dollar piano, it was so bad. And he had this fancy bandstand with a great big Buddha sitting on each side of it and they must of cost a *thousand* dollars apiece. I asked him, "Man, why do you spend all that money on Buddhas and decorations and not on a piano?," and he answered blah blah blah, and got mad. Now, that's crazy.

Crawford: Well, you told him, Earl.

Hines: It's the same thing nowadays with dressing rooms. No place to put on your makeup or rest and change your clothes between sets. (*Hines' voice has slowly grown louder and he is almost chanting. His listeners intensify their responses.*) They got one room down at Birdland, one small room, man, and we can't use it when Vi Redd—she's my saxophonist—goes in there, and when she's finished there's no time left anyway. I have to go back to the hotel between every set and change clothes. It's only a couple of blocks and I don't mind, but what if it snowing or raining and I catch my death?

Johnson: Earl, I was down to the Copa a while ago and it's the same there. You got to go out and walk the sidewalk.

Hines: That's what I mean. That's what I mean. You remember the old days all the theatres had good dressing rooms and places to sit down? Of course, these young musicians don't dress anyway, so maybe it doesn't matter. The band opposite me at Birdland, led by that young trumpet player—what's his name?

BELL: Byrd? Donald Byrd?

HINES: Yeh. Well, the first night they all dressed in different clothes and have scuffy shoes and no neckties. We come on, all spruced and neat—ties, of course—and you watch, the next night they got on ties and suits and their hair combed and they look *human*. And those young musicians don't know how to handle themselves before an audience. Never look at the audience or tell it what they're playing or smile or bow or be at all gracious. Just toot-toot-a-toot and look dead while the other guy is playing and get off. No wonder everybody having such a hard time all over. No one—not even Duke or Basie—raising any hell anymore. They just scuffling to keep that payroll going. That's why I have this different group, to reach the young people and teach them the old ways, the right ways, not the rock-and-roll ways. I've always helped the young people along, developed them, showed them how to dress and act and carry themselves properly. I've been at it so long I couldn't stop. Well, man, all we can do is be examples. A man can't do no more than that.

JOHNSON: Amen, Earl. Amen.

AFTER Johnson and Crawford and Bell had left, Hines suggested that Dance and I come back to his hotel for a drink. The rain had stopped, and we found a cab on Third Avenue. Hines, still wound up from his oration and the recording session, sat on the edge of his seat, puffing at his cigar. "Why didn't somebody tell me I still had these dark glasses on? I wondered why I couldn't see anything when I came out of that building. The reason I've always looked out for the young people, I guess, is because my dad always looked out for me. I don't think there was anyone else in the world who brought up their children better than my mother and dad. We lived in Duquesne, where I was born, and my mother was a housewife. My dad started on a hoisting machine—or histing machine, as they called it—on the coal docks and worked his way up to foreman. He was a loosely type fellow. He never chastised me for the medium things, and I didn't have over four solid whippings from him. I never was brought in at night at the time the average kid in my neighborhood was, and it looked like I was let run helter-skelter and my dad was criticized for that, but he defended himself by saying if you don't chastise your child

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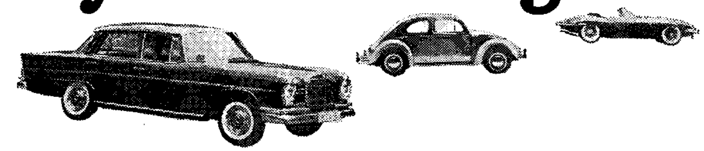

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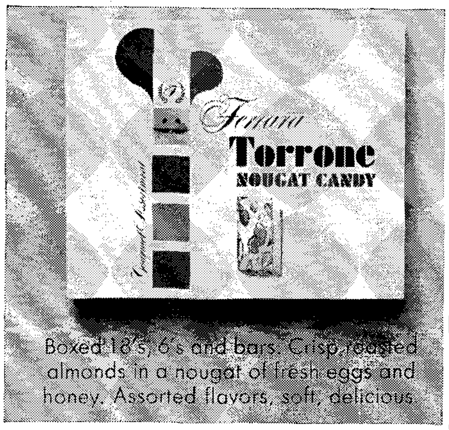

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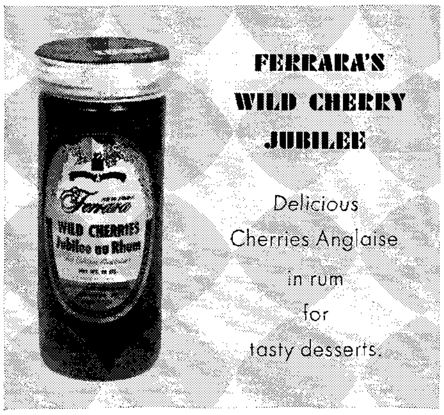

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continually he will confide in you. When I was twelve, he sat down with me one night at evening table after my mother had gone out and told me I was too old to whip anymore and how to conduct myself. 'I'm not a wealthy man,' he told me. 'So I can't get you out of serious trouble.' He told me *everything* that night—about all the different kinds of women and men I'd come up against, and how to tell the good from the bad, about thinking you're outsmarting someone else when he's probably outsmarting *you*, about staying on lighted streets at night, and such as that. It gave me the confidence that's always guided me. A lot of the children of strict parents where I grew up ended in jail. The exceptions were far and few.

"My family was very musical. My mother was an organist and my dad played cornet. My uncle knew all the brass instruments and my auntie was in light opera. My dad was also the leader of the Eureka Brass Band, which played for picnics and dances and outings. I was nine or ten when I was taken on my first outing. We travelled from McKeesport about twelve miles in four open trolleys, which were chartered. The band rode the first trolley and played as we went. After the picnic there was dancing in a hall and the children who were allowed to stay were sent up to a balcony, where they had a matron to watch us. Some of the kids roughhoused, but I just leaned over the rail and listened and watched. It was such a pretty thing to see all those people dancing and flowing in one direction. The men seemed so pleasant to the women and the women back to the men. My mother started teaching me the piano when I was very young. I also tried the cornet, after my dad, but it hurt me behind the ears to blow, so I gave it up. I had my first outside piano lessons when I was nine, from a teacher named Emma D. Young, of McKeesport. My next teacher, Von Holz, was German and pretty well advanced. I was studying to be a classical artist. I loved the piano and I was always three or four lessons ahead in my book. My auntie lived in Pittsburgh, and when I went to Schenley High School, where I majored in music, I lived with her. I was interested in conducting and watched the directors of pit orchestras every chance I got. And I memorized all the music I heard, some of it even before the sheet music came out. When I was about thirteen, my life changed. I had a cousin and an uncle who were playtime boys and they used to take me downtown to the tenderloin section with them. I was tall and they fitted me out in long trousers. The first time they took me to the Leader House, which had dancing upstairs and a restaurant downstairs, I heard this strange music and I heard the feet and the beat and so much laughter and happiness I asked my uncle and cousin could I go upstairs and listen. They put a Coca-Cola in my hand and I did. Pittsburgh was a wide-open town and there wasn't such a ban then on children going into clubs. A hunchback fellow named Toadlo was playing the piano. He was playing 'Squeeze Me,' and singing. His playing turned me around completely. It put rhythm in my mind, and I went home and told my auntie that that was the way I wanted to play. In the meantime, I was shining shoes and had learned barbering and for the first time I had enough money to get around. I formed a little trio, with a violinist and a drummer, and then Lois B. Deppe, who was a well-known Pittsburgh singer and bandleader, hired me and my drummer for his band at the Leader House. It was summer and I talked to my dad and he said it was all right and I went to work. Fifteen dollars a week and two meals a day. Toadlo still worked there, and so did a pianist named Johnny Watters. He was dynamic. He was more advanced than Toadlo. He could stretch fourteen notes with his right hand and play a melody at the same time with his middle fingers. He liked Camels and gin and in the afternoons I'd buy him a pack of cigarettes and a double shot of gin and we'd go upstairs at the Leader House, and he would show me. Then, at a party, I heard a piano player named Jim Fellman playing tenths with his left hand, instead of the old oompah bass. It was so easy and rhythmic. *He* liked beer and chewed Mail Pouch, so I got him upstairs at the Leader House, too, and he showed me those tenths. I got my rhythmic training from a banjoist named Verchet. He was a musical fanatic. He tried to make his banjo sound like a harp, and he had all these nuts and bolts for tightening and loosening the strings, only the damn thing always fell apart when he played. His instrument case was full of tools

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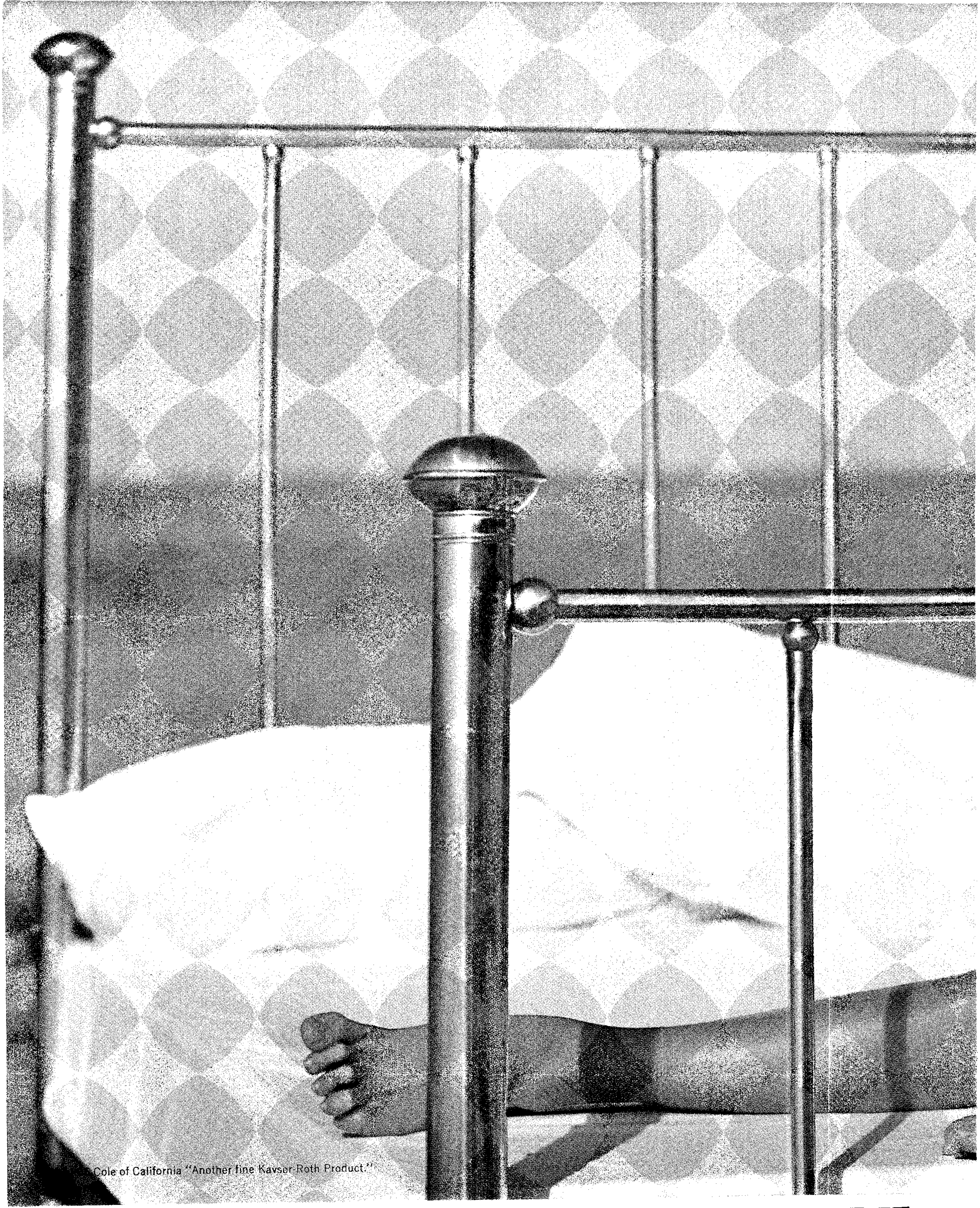
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and he sounded like a plumber when he picked it up. But he was a heck of a critic of tempo. He'd sit there, strumming like lightning and rocking back and forth in half time, and if I got away from the beat, he'd say, 'Watch-it-boy, watch-it-boy.' So I began to form my little style. I still had the idea of the cornet in my head and I would try things that I might have played on the cornet—single-note figures and runs that were not ordinary then on the piano. And I hit on using octaves in the right hand, when I was with a band, to cut through the music and be heard."

The cab stopped in front of the hotel. When we got upstairs, Hines ordered a bottle of Scotch and ice and glasses. Then he took off his hat, for the first time that afternoon, and flopped down on the bed. He looked tired but pleased. "That Budd Johnson is something, isn't he, Stanley? He was a playing fool today. He was in my big band almost ten years. But I've always been lucky in my musicians. I formed my first band in 1924 and Benny Carter played baritone in it and his cousin Cuban Bennett was on trumpet. He was a *great* trumpet player, but nobody remembers him. We went into the Grape Arbor, in Pittsburgh, and stayed there several months. Eubie Blake, the ragtime pianist, used to come through town once in a while, and the first time I met him he told me, 'Son, you have no business here. You got to leave Pittsburgh.' He came through again while we were at the Grape Arbor, and when he saw me, he said, 'You *still* here? I'm going to take this cane'—he always carried a cane and wore a raccoon coat and a brown derby—'and wear it out all over your head if you're not gone when I come back.' I was. That same year, I went to Chicago to the Elite No. 2 Club, an after-hours place. Teddy Weatherford, the pianist, was *it* in Chicago then, and soon people began telling him, 'There's a tall, skinny kid from Pittsburgh plays piano. You better hear him.' Teddy and I became friends, and we'd go around together and both play and people began to notice me. They even began to lean toward me over Teddy. Louis Armstrong and I first worked together in the Carroll Dickerson orchestra at the Sunset. Louis was the first trumpet player I heard who played what *I* had wanted to play on cornet. I'd steal ideas from him and he'd steal them from me. He'd bend over after a solo and say way down deep in that rumble, 'Thank you, man.' Louis was wild and I was wild, and we were inseparable. He was the most happy-go-lucky guy I ever met. Then Louis and I and Zutty Singleton, who was also with Dickerson, formed our own group, and I don't know what happened, but we like to starve to death, making a dollar or a dollar and a half apiece a night. So we drifted apart, and I worked for Jimmie Noone for a year, and then I went to New York to make some QRS piano rolls. I had a little band rehearsing at the same time, and it was then I got a call to come and open up the Grand Terrace."

The whiskey and ice and glasses arrived. Dance gave Hines a brandy from a bottle on the dresser and poured each of us a Scotch-and-water. Hines lifted his glass in the air. "This is for Stanley. If it hadn't been for him, I'd probably be out of this business now. I was ready to quit about a year ago. In fact, my wife and I were talking about opening a little shop out on the Coast. But Stanley kept after me on that long-distance phone, and persuaded me to come here last winter, and then he set up the record session. I was down low again when I got here last week. But something *good* happened today, and it's going to happen tomorrow. I try never to worry. The greatest thing to draw wrinkles in a man's face is worry. And why should I be unhappy and pull down my face and drag my feet and make everybody around me feel that way too? By being what you are, something always comes up. Sunshine always opens out. I'll leave for the Coast day after tomorrow in my car, and I'll stop and see my mother in Duquesne. My sister, Nancy, and my brother, Boots, still live with her. I'll see my mother-in-law in Philadelphia and she'll give me a whole mess of fried chicken. I'll put that on the seat beside me, along with those cigars and my pipe and pipe tobacco and a map and a gallon jug of water. I'll open the window wide and keep my eye on the road. Stanley, let me have a little more of that brandy, please."

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THE THEATRE

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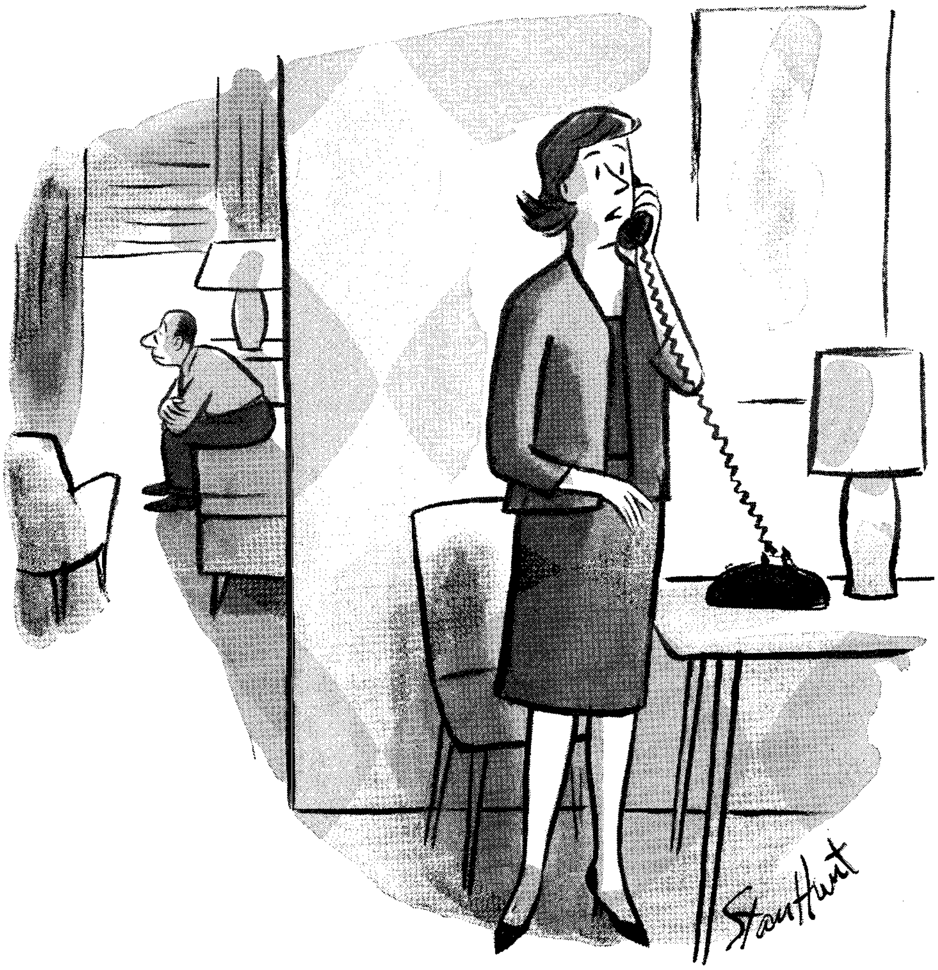
MY idea of nothing to do, to borrow a phrase from the late Cole Porter, is to sit in a theatre and listen to a Cockney Casanova, done up in modified Beatle style, expatiate on what a hot shot he is with the girls. But in the line of duty the other evening, I had to spend some time with just such a fellow, in the person of Terence Stamp, who portrays the protagonist in "Alfie!," at the Morosco. As written by Bill Naughton, the play, which has south London as its locale, wastes not a moment in establishing its central figure as a lecher and a bore. When we first encounter him, he is engaged in consummating a spot of adultery, but he is not so preoccupied that he neglects any opportunity to direct assorted asides toward the audience, in the course of which he explains why he gets along so well with "birds"—his word for the females who take his fancy. I'm afraid he never does succeed in making an entirely convincing case as a charmer nonpareil, and as he proceeds from affair to affair, he remains the same stolid, garrulous, unimaginative character he was when we met him. It is all love them and leave them with him, and when one of his inamoratas announces that she is pregnant, you may be sure that there is a fall guy around who is willing to marry the lass and assume the burden of paternity. Since Mr. Naughton has a realistic way with dialogue, the people who turn up in "Alfie!" sound convincing enough, but what they have to say is damnably dreary, and no one in the piece seems to develop as the plot, such as it is, unravels. Under the direction of Gilchrist Calder, Mr. Stamp and the rest of the cast—among the women smitten by our hero are Juliet Mills, Mary Hanefey, Marcia Ashton, and Margaret Courtenay—labor valiantly, but, for all their enterprise, "Alfie!" remains very tepid fare.



"He came home feeling very happy, and then he suddenly got to wondering what right he had to be happy, and now he isn't happy anymore."

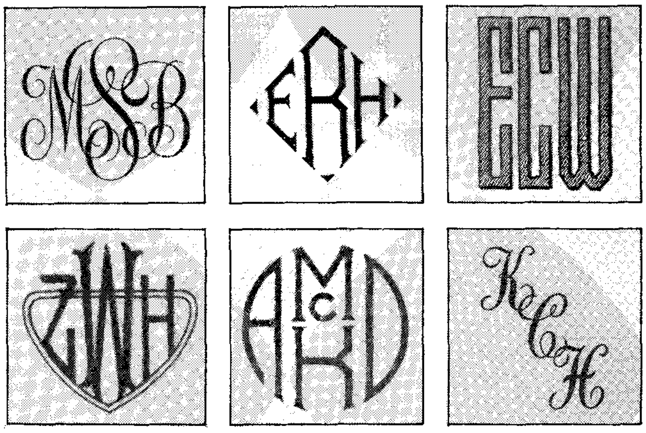
"HUGHIE," which was written in 1942, was one of the last plays completed by Eugene O'Neill, and the current production, at the Royale, is the first one it has had in the United States. It is a short play involving only two characters, and in it O'Neill takes up once again the theme that concerned him in "The Iceman Cometh"—the necessity of maintaining illusions or pipe dreams in order to make life tolerable. Erie Smith, the principal character in "Hughie" and very much like his predecessor Hickey in "The Iceman Cometh," is full of big talk about big doings he has had a hand in, but actually he is just a small-time chiseller down on his luck. When we are introduced to him, in a bedraggled hotel lobby, he is suffering from a giant hangover induced by a bender brought on by the death of his pal Hughie, who used to be a clerk in the establishment. In a monologue directed at Hughie's successor on the desk, Erie Smith extols the virtues of his deceased chum, tells a few lies about his importance in the Broadway scene, dissolves now and then in self-pity, and winds up persuading the new clerk, hitherto rather indifferent to his screed, to join him in a friendly crap game of the sort that Hughie liked to play. There is a fine performance by Jason Robards, and Jack Dodson gives him capable support. The drama was directed by José Quintero, and though it occasionally flags, it works up a number of effective scenes in the brief span of an hour or so. —JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

No Sale

THE Theatre Guild, in its first venture Off Broadway since "The Garrick Gaieties," has given a good production to "The Child Buyer," Paul Shyre's adaptation of John Hersey's novel, at the Garrick. The cast includes Paul McGrath, Alan Bunce, Lester Rawlins, John C. Becher, Jane Hoffman, and Alan Mixon, all of them experienced, highly competent actors, with more polish than is generally seen on stages south of the Square. But, unfortunately, there is no play—almost no life onstage—and what we have instead is a sort of weird editorial. Perhaps in the novel (I've never read it), where the author speaks privately to the reader, he can establish a kind of confidence in his theme and characters, but when the characters are impersonated—brought out into the open, so to speak—even by actors such as these, they turn out to be papier-mâché, each of them a synthesis of qualities put together to prove some point or other. The theme just seems outlandish. "The Child Buyer" is a fantasy about a state government's investigation of a man called Wissey Jones, who has literally tried to buy a ten-year-old prodigy for his corporation. The corporation, a large and mysterious one in Arizona that seems to be concerned with space travel, buys extraordinary children, then dehumanizes them, turning them into "specimens" by a grisly process of brainwashing, and puts them to work as animate computers. "The entire action," according to the program, "takes place in a Senate Hearing Room in a New England State Capitol," but that is not true; what takes place in the hearing room is not the action but merely a report on it. Three senators and their lawyer examine the boy, his parents, his teacher, and the principal of his school, among others, and they also examine Mr. Jones himself, an obvious "specimen" and, as portrayed by Mr. Rawlins, a brisk, flat-eyed hollow man who is prepared to handle anything that comes up. His aplomb on the witness stand is enviable, yet his shaking fingers never stop fiddling with his cuffs and cufflinks. But we never see him at his diabolic pursuits, and, for all the care that has gone into Mr. Rawlins' characterization, it is hard to imagine him at them. The gods of the theatre smile on courtroom melodramas—they are supposed to be a sure thing—but they must be courtroom melodramas with surprises and confrontations and climaxes and exposures. A trial for murder or treason, moreover, is one thing; a case as bizarre as this could use a little extra demonstration. There is none at all. At the heart of the melodrama should be the shock that such things as child buying could go on among human beings, but there are no human beings, so there is no shock. Mr. McGrath, Mr. Bunce, and Mr. Becher, as the three senators, all of whom are recognizable political types—the compassionate statesman, the tough bigot, the ninny—manage from time to time to give a fleeting illusion of flesh and blood. As for the production, I don't see how it could have been better than it is, but I didn't believe a moment of it.

—EDITH OLIVER



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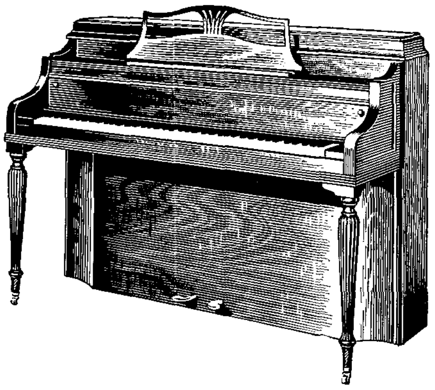

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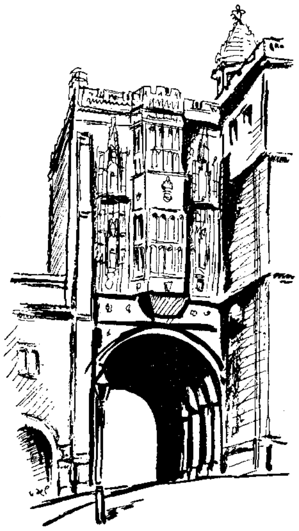
LETTER FROM LONDON

DECEMBER 22



THE Prime Minister seemed to return from Washington newly refreshed, to judge by the resounding good form he has shown in public since. The principal interest for everybody was to learn what he had to say in last week's big House of Commons debate on foreign affairs and, in particular, on defense—two days of highly involved, anxious, and finally passionate arguments on the subject of Britain's nuclear status in the world. What emerged with absolute clarity for often fogged listeners trying to sort out the details of the new British plan from the unpopular American and West German concept of a mixed manned force was the brilliant ease with which Mr. Wilson now dominates his party, including the potentially troublesome left wing. The critics in this sector may have reserved judgment on certain passages of his long exposition (fired off at such baffling top speed that Sir Alec Douglas-Home interrupted at one moment to complain of the exceptional difficulty of following him—a plaint that was doubtless silently echoed by the members of the public leaning intently forward in the gallery) of a wider Atlantic nuclear force, into which common defensive pool most, but not all, of the British contribution would be thrown, with no strings attached except the right to draw out should the NATO alliance ever fall apart. Since abandoning the British independent nuclear deterrent altogether was one of Labour's election points, the suggested retaining of V-bombers for unspecified police work outside the NATO range (everybody thought immediately of Premier Shastri's recent visit to London and the Chinese atomic explosion) could be somewhat difficult for many in Mr. Wilson's party (not to mention Britain's European allies) to swallow. The rank and file up and down the country includes plenty of zealots, who at past Labour Party conferences could be counted upon to put forward shiningly muddled motions calling on any Labour Government to ban the bomb entirely, to get out of NATO, to serve eviction notices on foreign nuclear bases in Britain, and thus perhaps to inherit the Kingdom of Heaven. This section of Labour opinion possibly winced a bit at Sir Alec Douglas-Home's gibing request to Mr. Wilson's supporters who feel that ownership of nuclear arms is a sin not to fool themselves now into thinking that they can be absolved "by appointing a master sinner to deploy these weapons for you, or by joining a syndicate"—the proposed arrangement of national contingents—that would do so. To many observers, the new caution of, at any rate, the Parliamentary left seemed to have come full circle from the agitated Labour Party conference at Brighton in 1957, when the late Aneurin Bevan aroused it with his famous declaration that to divest Britain of the bomb completely, for which many delegates clamored, would be to send him, when he became Foreign Secretary in a future Labour Government, naked into the council chambers of the world. Now Labour is in power again, without his remarkable presence; his rebellious friends, such as the once bitingly critical Michael Foot, are old enough to remember the long, lean years in the political wilderness; and it seems plain that the old-guard left wing, at least, does not wish to utter a word that might hamper Mr. Wilson when he sets out on his testing visits of explanation and exploration to Bonn, Paris, and Rome, and once more to Washington, in the new year.

At the rancorous end of the debate, the deafening united cheers from the benches behind Mr. Wilson broke in waves against the angry uproar on the Conservative side in the noisiest Parliamentary finale, as was later said, since the bedlam of the old Suez nights. The Prime Minister had wound up with a devastating attack on Sir Alec's election argument concerning the supreme importance of Britain's keeping a strong place in the world by retaining her nuclear independence. Mr. Wilson had kept the long speech of the first day down to a brisk narration of the British plan, reeled out as unemotionally as a company prospectus for some appliance that would, in his view, greatly decrease the possible spread of danger. His scathing attack on the

Opposition came the next night, before the House excitedly divided to vote, and it was deadly. Now, as the man in possession who has been able to take a look at what is really going on, Mr. Wilson contemptuously nailed the Conservative talk about an "independent" British deterrent as "a charade," saying that it was neither British nor independent, being entirely dependent, as Sir Alec well knew, on certain American fission material for completion. And where, he shouted into the gale of fury on the Opposition benches, from which angry, gesticulating figures seemed about to rise into the air and take off toward him like Alice's pack of cards—where did Sir Alec see himself enacting the last noble syllable of the make-believe? Pressing the button in an inconceivable go-it-alone war against the Soviet Union, without allies and with resulting total annihilation for Britain? The newspapers the next day, although they had been somewhat crusty with Mr. Wilson a while back over his sharp dressing down of two Fleet Street colleagues' versions of what had been decided between him and President Johnson in Washington, were largely laudatory. The Conservatives immediately entered a censure expressing their scandalized shock at his having so frankly wrenched the lid off what they claimed were high-security details. It was perhaps all they could think of doing. Whatever heavy weather the Atlantic Plan may encounter across the Channel, it seems that a good deal of opinion here feels that the Government has at least taken a new initiative in the right direction.

The brightest news on the economic front was the signing of the long-awaited document to which leaders of the Government, headed by Mr. George Brown, the boundingly energetic Minister of Economic Affairs; the chairman and leading men of the trade unions; and the president of the British Employers' Confederation all set their names, pledging themselves and their members to work toward a solution of the bedevilling problem of keeping prices and incomes in whack. They also undertook to set about removing restrictive obstacles to efficiency, whether in the boardroom or on the shop floor—the latter a remarkable decision for the unions to subscribe to. It was a big triumph for George Brown, who has managed in his first two months in office to do what various Conservative efforts could not—to induce government, management, and labor to sit down with their feet under

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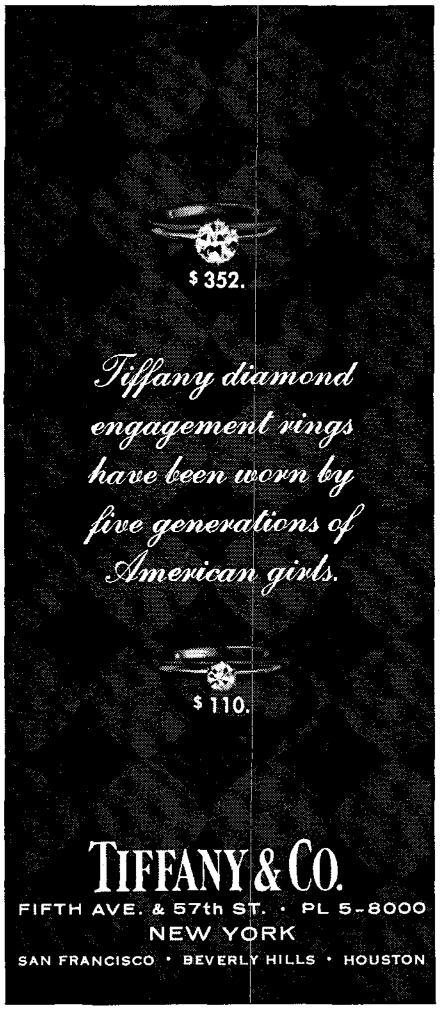
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the same table and sign the first move toward a national policy on incomes. Though various voices have warned the beaming signatories that intentions, however exemplary, will have to be followed up by more painful, and a whole lot more unpopular, actions, everybody felt heartened by the news.

A MIGHTY strange entertainment, "Son of Oblomov," at the Comedy Theatre, received glowing notices from most of the intellectual critics, who went into fits over it, as hilarious audiences are now doing nightly. The piece is tailored loosely to the Surrealist talents of Spike Milligan, who used to be the goofy clown of a much loved B.B.C. radio comedy series, "The Goon Show." Mr. Milligan appeared not long ago in "Oblomov," which seems to have been a more or less straight version of Goncharov's novel about the bed-bound Russian who suffered from the congenital disease of Oblomovism—the conviction, which Goncharov's contemporaries identified immediately with the Slavonic soul and with the Russian gentry in particular, that life is a less horrible affair if viewed from under the blankets. Now "Son of Oblomov" has been concocted as a sort of "Goon Show" version of the play, still based dimly on the novel, though most of Mr. Milligan's role seems to be composed by him nightly as he wanders about the place in his nightshirt, muttering amiably, filling in latecomers in the stalls as to how much they have missed of the plot, or suddenly becoming transfixed in midsentence by the charms of a lady in one of the boxes. He is a wild, extraordinarily funny actor, who would be a natural as any of Shakespeare's great clowns if he could leave the words to Shakespeare. Though swamped by this uncontrollable natural phenomenon, the essence of Oblomovism occasionally comes over pretty well through the delirium. Joan Greenwood, a talented straight comedienne, plays Olga, the girl Oblomov loves in his more wakeful moments, resolutely straight and deadpan, as though she were in another play altogether.

It was perhaps inevitable that someone should see the Brownings and the famous rescue from the ogre of Wimpole Street as a fine theme for a musical. "Robert and Elizabeth," with a book and lyrics by Ronald Millar and a good, melodious score by an Australian, Ron Grainger, has now settled down as a big hit at the Lyric. It has the unusual merit of being extremely

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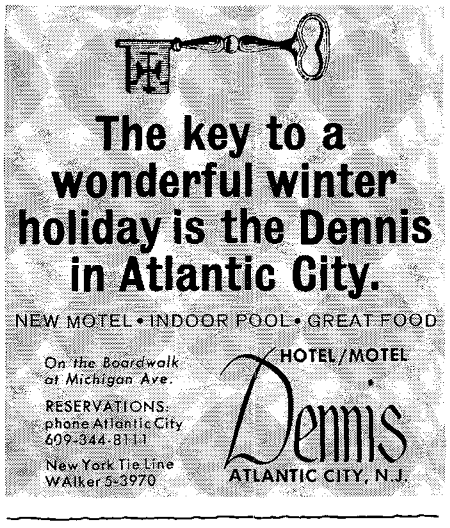
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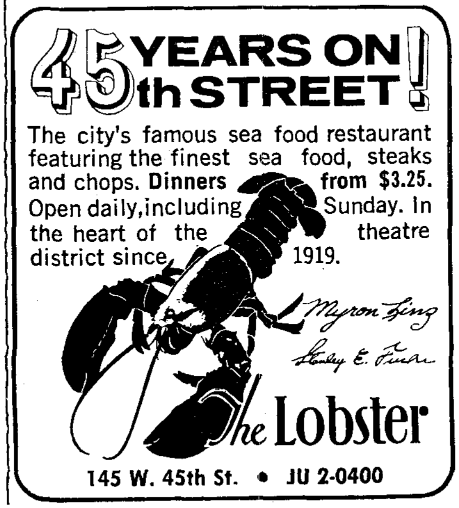
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well acted by the three leads, all of whom are well known in other kinds of theatre, and delightfully sung by two of them—the third being the excellent actor John Clements, who makes a really chilling Freudian figure of Edward Moulton-Barrett and valiantly rasps his numbers in the conversational style that will be forever Professor Higgins'. June Bronhill, the Elizabeth, was for years an ornament of the Sadler's Wells Opera, and Keith Michell, who makes a handsome poet, bursting with enough vitality to storm any sofa, is an accomplished Shakespearean actor. Also unusual for a musical play, this one is genuinely moving. Elizabeth's first step out of her chair toward Browning seems an exciting climax. When the lovers escape from foggy England and the medicine bottles and get out of a dazzling golden train at Florence, the audience cheers loudly. Though they may be better looking than the Brownings were, the essence, as in "Oblomov," is there, all right.

AS you may remember, a satirical B.B.C. television show called "That Was the Week That Was," though it apparently did not cross the Atlantic so successfully, had a good run here and was much admired. Now the most talked-about, though not admired, television program is its replacement, which somebody was inspired to christen "Not So Much a Program, More a Way of Life"—unhappily, as it turned out, since the critics all agreed tartly that it certainly was not so much a program as a disappointment all around. "N.S.M.A.P.," which is compered by David Frost, as "T.W.T.-W.T.W." was, appears on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings, with a completely different program, or way of life, each night, and it is melancholy to report that it is dismal. Its regular feature is an extemporary discussion of a few current topics by a team of sharp wits, such as Gerald Kaufman, the *New Statesman* political correspondent; Tommy Trinder, the comedian; and Patrick Campbell, of the *Sunday Times*. If this proves anything at all, it is that unrehearsed conversation by sharp wits can sound remarkably like the comfortably dull dinner-table chat that never makes television, thank heaven. There are skits and songs, too, and some of the people involved are talented, but the fresh irreverence with which "T.W.T.W.T.W." took a bash at everything stuffy in the national ego has departed. Since most people's criticism of the old program was that the topical material was sometimes spread a bit thin to make a good evening of satire once a week, it was probably rash to try for three evenings in a row. People go on switching the show on hopefully to see if it has suddenly found its form, and then switching it right off again, alas.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

• •

OVID ON THE DACIAN COAST

Publius Ovidius Naso relegatus non exsul.—The Decree of Banishment.

Airs from the sea blown back,
The salt wind dense with sedge,
In the surf the sea wrack,
And rocks ground at the world's edge.

With shells, with bits of quartz,
With flints, with fragment bones,
Castaway, by dolphin arts,
He starts, translates the stones.

The marsh birds wheel and shriek
Above him, as he takes
Word after word from their bleak
Coast of love: his heart breaks.

In place of gold, he sets
A banished life between
Driftwood, and out of fish nets
Roofs his loss with sea green.

Thus lives unexiled, though
Abandoned, stranded, scanned
By the Dog Star only, for so
Based, his poems are his own land.

—DUNSTAN THOMPSON

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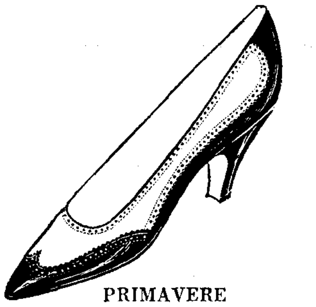

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

On the Shelf

JACQUES-YVES COUSTEAU, the lean, eloquent, and many-sided French oceanographer who invented the aqualung and thus enabled his contemporaries to reverse phylogeny and plunge merrily down into the steep backward and abysm of their fishy past, some years ago produced a famous film called "The Silent World." Captain Cousteau happens to be almost as much beguiled by making movies as he is by oceanography, and he has again married these diverse interests in a picture with a submarine setting and a submarine title—"World Without Sun." Like its predecessor, this latest visit to our ancestral home asks to be judged not as a documentary, which is to say not as presenting certain hard facts about a certain way of life, but as a work of art that, for most of its length, rightly contents itself with being beautiful. The sights it offers are sufficient in themselves to give us extraordinary aesthetic pleasure (on the third day, the Creator shamelessly anticipated Hieronymus Bosch); if they also contrive to be, in not very difficult scientific terms, instructive, so much the better.

With the darting grace of some sleek, popeyed monster of the deep, Captain Cousteau's little two-man undersea saucer, crammed with cameras, closed-circuit TV, and other electronic equipment, slips from its underwater garage into the lucent waters of the Red Sea; as it drops, step by step, down the stairway of the continental shelf, reaching at last a depth of a thousand feet, we observe wonders animal, vegetable, and mineral never seen by man before, including a ramshackle beast that, for ugliness of shape and gait, puts even the sulky coelacanth to shame. Being a scientist, Captain Cousteau disapproves of our reading any Jules Verne-like implications into this undersea world; he fears we will make too much of its romantic aspects and too little of its practical ones. For the picture is intended to demonstrate that, given suitable connections with the world of air and light above, men can live perfectly well underwater for days and weeks on end. And why should they? Because the sunken continental shelf, which projects from the shores of all the continents, has a total area as great as that of Africa and represents, in its innumerable resources, a wealth that we can ill afford not to tap. The distant moon may or may not be made of Camembert, but the continental shelf, lying but a few feet away from us, is infinitely rich and worth serious and prolonged exploration. The Captain is persuasive, largely thanks to the fact that his cameras make everything we behold so ravishing; nevertheless, I suspect that if it came to settling down on the shelf for either profit or pleasure, I'd be one of the first to say, "It's a fine place to visit, but I'd hate to live there."

"MARRIAGE—ITALIAN STYLE" must be forgiven its title, which crudely seeks to gain an extra dollar or two by associating itself with the very successful "Divorce—Italian Style" of several seasons ago. The two pictures have nothing in common except their leading man, Marcello Mastroianni, who, after all, is the leading man in nearly all the Italian pictures that make their way to these shores. The earlier comedy, directed by Pietro Germi, was a very funny and harsh study of the current estate of matrimony in Italy, where it appears that the one ecclesiastically and legally acceptable form of divorce is murder. "Marriage—Italian Style," directed by Vittorio De Sica, is a much more comfortable and conventional comedy. Based on a play by the celebrated Neapolitan writer Eduardo De Filippo, who with the help of four other writers (what a sociable lot the Italians are!) has cobbled up the screenplay, the movie has as its moral, roughly, that perseverance is all. Back in 1943, a rising businessman encounters a young prostitute, who, over the years, assumes the triple responsibility of being his mistress, his business associate, and his housekeeper. Having once tricked him into a marriage that he quickly had annulled, the pertinacious baggage at last informs him that he is the father of one of her three grown sons; which of the three is his remains her secret and the trump by which she intends to achieve a second and more lasting marriage. The wheels of the machinery of the overcomplicated plot turn slowly and rather squeakily, as well as at deplorable length; still, Sophia Loren, as the mistress, and Mastroianni, as the businessman, are superb, and the sense of the squalor and vitality of Naples is wonderfully conveyed by Mr. De Sica, who plainly loves all creatures great and small but who, given a choice, would always choose scamps.

JOHN FORD is a sacred figure to the more dedicated movie fans, and I suppose I risk being smothered to death under anonymous postcards, all bearing messages highly inappropriate to the holiday season, when I say that his "Cheyenne Autumn" is far and away the most boring picture of 1964. Not a single moment of its two and a half hours is sustained by an authentic breath of life; it's simply and embarrassingly a vast scrapbook of Mr. Ford's earlier successes, and though we may turn the many pages of the book with a feeling of piety for his past greatness, nothing can prevent us from getting the fidgets as we do so. The screenplay, by James R. Webb, was "suggested" by Mari Sandoz' account of our government's betrayal, in 1878, of a tribe of Cheyenne Indians, and onto a story that must have been amply pathetic to begin with, the heavy-handed Mr. Webb has grafted every obligatory Western scene that one can think of, each furnished with the usual packet of cardboard-cutout characters, including a virtuous Quaker schoolmarm and even, heaven help us, Wyatt Earp. The setting is Mr. Ford's old favorite, Monument Valley, which, if I ever see it with my own eyes, will seem as familiar as Times Square, and the cast, which acts with a uniform and, under the circumstances, merciful banality, boasts such names as Richard Widmark, Carroll Baker, Karl Malden, Dolores Del Rio, James Stewart, Edward G. Robinson, and Sal Mineo.

BREVITY can be a sign of compassion as well as the soul of wit, and I need say of "Rattle of a Simple Man" only that, having barely made the grade as a tiny one-set, three-character play, it ought never to have been blown up into a movie with many sets and a dozen or so characters. If, in Mies van der Rohe's notable phrase, less is more, it's also true that more is less, and I've worked it out to my satisfaction that more is more often less than less is more.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

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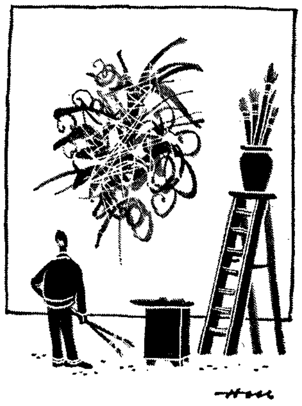
THE ART GALLERIES

Genealogy

A COUPLE of weeks ago, we had up for consideration an exhibition at the Sidney Janis Gallery called "Three Generations," and the three "generations" involved were, consecutively, the Cubist (and Surrealist) group, the Abstract Expressionists, and the New Wave of contemporary artists, including the pop-art men, the New Realists, and other more or less neo-Dada painters and sculptors. The range thus was from around 1910 to the present, or just about the span of three generations. The show was generally excellent, though a trifle inconclusive in that it nowhere managed to point out the processes, or the series of processes, by which one generation after the other flowed into the next. Yet there *are* progressions of this sort, and usually by generations, even though at times, superficially (and often even in the minds of the artists), they masquerade as revulsions and denials. By a nice happenstance, we have examples at hand, in the current list of exhibitions, that in a simpler but more cogent fashion illustrate such a progression.



The shows concerned are two—"Robert Henri and His Circle," at the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and a memorial, ten years after his death, of paintings and other works by Reginald Marsh, at the Gallery of Modern Art—and in this instance a relationship is readily visible; the Academy affair is centered on Henri and the so-called Ashcan school of around 1910, such as John Sloan and Everett Shinn, and Marsh came as close to being a lineal descendant of that group as a man can come. Indeed, it often seems to me that his faults appeared most prominently when he refused to stay in line. Certainly Marsh's interest in life on the streets and sidewalks of New York and its outskirts was as great and as encompassing as theirs, and so was his compassion for its less fortunate elements. His show—which is called, alliteratively, "The Beach, the Burlesque, and the Bowery," and which focuses exclusively on these three subjects—perforce overlooks other important aspects of Marsh's work. I recall seeing in it only one canvas that has to do with skyscrapers under construction—something that fascinated him in the late twenties and early thirties—and only two or three (one, though, a superb, sunny "Skyline, New York, 1936," of the Battery and the harbor as seen from a Staten Island ferry) to commemorate a slightly later interest, and a more rewarding one artistically, in bay and harbor scenes.

This is one exhibition, incidentally, that profits, and strikingly, from what is ordinarily considered a defect in arrangement—that is, a too crowded hanging. The paintings on the three "B"s are mounted, by categories, in separate galleries. It was the Beach one that I happened to enter first. This is the largest of the three, and it is simply jammed with scenes of the sands of Coney Island on a holiday. The pictures are placed almost as close together as the panels of an enormous mural would be, and it will be some time indeed before I get over the impact of that series of pictures, themselves crowded with beachcombers young and old, athletes, show-offs, necking couples, and all the other elements of Coney's bizarre seaside population. I don't know who hung the show, but whoever it was deserves acclaim, especially for the Beach section. Much the same procedure is followed for the two other groups, but less successfully. The Bowery is a lonely place, as all of us know, and the burlesque of the pre-La Guardia era, which Marsh celebrated—of the runway, of strippers and grinders and intermission-time pushers of dollar-apiece "imported" opera glasses ("See the girls up close")—well, the burlesque theatre was lonely, too, as Marsh more than most others understood: a place where nearly all the men in the audience knew they were being suckered by the display of unattainable flesh but nevertheless enjoyed it.

But though the collection is limited in range, the three fields it covers are basic to Marsh's interests—the fields he endlessly prowled, almost always with pad and fountain pen in hand, for he was above all driven almost compulsively to instantly set down his observations

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on paper. I suppose it is about time I inserted the statement that from the nineteen-twenties on he and I were extremely close friends, and that among other habits we shared was a fondness for rambling about the city. He was the best of companions on such jaunts, but I was disconcerted and a little annoyed by his habit of stopping us dead in his tracks whenever he saw a sketchable subject—a drunk sleeping in a hallway on the Bowery, a seaman bursting out of the door of a saloon on South Street, a shopgirl waiting for her boy friend on a Fourteenth Street corner—and whipping out the inevitable pad and pen to record it. I must confess that one reason I tried to hurry him on was that I was often afraid we would wind up in a fist fight or some other fracas, for these halts of his sometimes occurred in fairly tough neighborhoods. We never did, though; in fact, most of his subjects seemed flattered by the attention, and I believe that now I would be more tolerant and patient, for his on-the-spot sketching contributed enormously to the wealth of accurate detail one finds in his canvases.

The amount of documentary detail to be found is, in fact, one of the minor but lasting values of Marsh's output. The design and general layout of the arcade in "Subway, 14th Street," in the current showing, is so accurately rendered that it should prove invaluable to future students researching the structure of such facilities, while the *Evening Graphic* (a tabloid Marsh read religiously) that is carried by one of the rush-hour travellers bears the headline "Raid Carroll Show," which brings to mind the vicissitudes of what was then called a "nudie revue"—the "Vanities" put on by Earl Carroll, an impresario of the period. Other nostalgic headlines are "Dives Defy Rum Raids," a memory of prohibition days, and "Peacox Declared Sane," on the *Graphic* held by a solitary girl in the fine "Subway Express." This recalls a *cause célèbre* that I've always considered almost a case of justifiable homicide. Peacox was a young man in Yonkers, fairly poor, who in a desperate effort to reclaim his estranged wife slaved to pretty up the tiny apartment they had shared and persuaded her to come in of an evening to talk things over. She did, took one look around, and remarked, according to the testimony, "Well, it's the same old dump, isn't it?" Her corpse was found a few hours later, in process of being incinerated, in a field behind the house. Other details, like shop signs and

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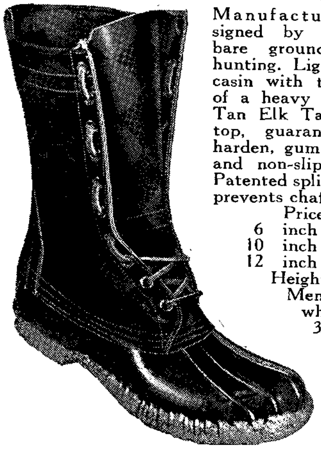

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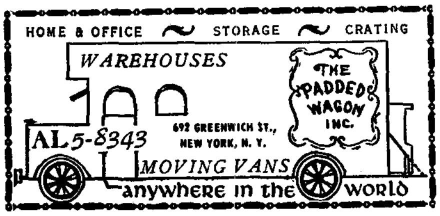

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billboards, serve to point up the physiognomy of the era. I'll mention only the dark, compassionate "Holy Name Mission," with its line of hungry bums waiting for the nocturnal handout; "White Tower Hamburgers," whose sign is a background for a Bowery street scene; and "East Tenth Street Jungle," a portrayal of an incipient Hooverville (and I hope I don't have to define that term) in a vacant lot.

But such documentation testifies only to the pains Marsh took with the backgrounds of his compositions. The greater value of the pictures is the vitality and gusto that are in evidence. There is, to be sure, a considerable amount of repetitiousness in subject and treatment; this, I think, is largely because of the limitation of categories and the crowding (there must be at least thirty beach scenes, and only a few less burlesque and Bowery ones) of so much into the showing, all of which constitutes a reverse side to the advantages of the method. Here and there, though, this duplication of general images is enlivened by the peculiar, very deadpan humor Marsh was capable of. It appears in such items, slyly inserted in the compositions, as the almost exact facial resemblance between a toothy girl who is in the foreground of a particularly moronic crowd before a sideshow and a dwarf who is one of the freaks on display on the platform above; the somehow Hogarthian raffish faces of three men bathers, floating, bellies awash, in "Water Sports," of 1948; and the spectacle of an old gaffer sitting in the front seat of a stageside box in "Burlesque" (of around 1945) raptly watching a stripper demonstrating her skills onstage.

On the whole, I found the Burlesque series the least enlivening. Burlesque of the Minsky era, when it began abandoning the traditional skits and comic devices—some of which had gone unchanged for hundreds of years and were still wonderful—and replacing them with more and more strippers and nude tableaux, became increasingly tedious, and Marsh's paintings, faithful to truth to the end, became a trifle tedious, too. His best work is in the Bowery series, and especially in the works in ink-and-wash (to my mind by far his best medium) that are included. Marsh, in his later years, turned toward the baroque in his oils—a tendency I deplored, since it accorded so badly with the earthiness of his subject matter and gave a certain harshness to his treatment. But his black-and-whites, usually of sad clumps of loiterers under

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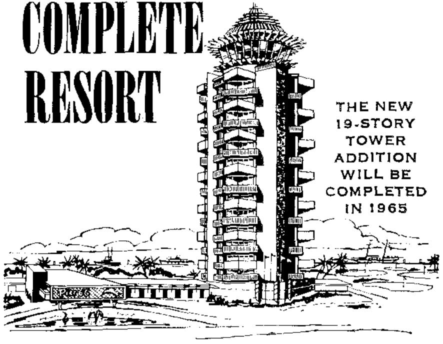

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the pillars of the "L," oddly silvery in tone and half ghostly in effect, are about the best evocations I have seen of the half-existent, pallidly drifting human beings they portray.

THE Henri exhibition could, I suppose, be called a two-generation affair, which brings our total abreast of that three-generation showing at the Janis we started out with. Henri, though only a few years older than his immediate disciples (Sloan, Glackens, Luks, and Shinn) and actually younger than two others (Maurice Prendergast and Arthur B. Davies) of his circle, was apparently much more worldly, knowledgeable, and above all more evangelistic in spirit, and it was largely because of his liberating influence, coupled with a certain amount of crusadingness by his followers, that they were impelled as a group to break through the prissy academicism then obtaining in American painting ("Look up, not down" was the classic motto then; theirs was "Look around you") and so to open the way not only to Marsh's production but to the naturalistic school in general. The showing at the Academy, which, in addition to the men already cited, includes Eugene Speicher, George Bellows, and Ernest Lawson, is quite properly focussed principally on Henri, who has thirty-nine pieces in a total of ninety-five. There are excellent examples all through. The Henris reveal a curious split in styles, alternating such things as "The Art Student," which is a life-size study of a standing girl, and "Portrait of John Sloan" (both of them dark and Manetesque) and the sunny and Impressionistic "Girl Seated by the Sea" with the small, almost Expressionist "Figures on Boardwalk, Atlantic City." Of the work by others, I'd cite Sloan's "Recruiting, Union Square" (with its strong period feeling), Lawson's feathery-textured "Harlem River in Winter," Shinn's glittery "Dancer in White," and Luks's positively ebullient painting of a full-bosomed, deeply décolleté lady and her mustached squire, called "Café Francis."

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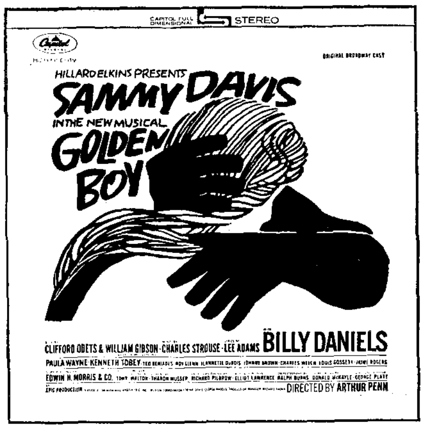

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BOOKS

A World We Never Knew

THE fact of human mortality is no more appalling than its concomitants—being forgotten, or being remembered as merely a name and not as the invaluable self whose existence was unique. Men have always rebelled against oblivion, for ever since art was born as magic, assuring the success of the hunt, the fertility of the fields, it has also attempted to inspire the living by immortalizing the dead. Such necromancy has been worked by Konstantin Paustovsky, a not very well-known Russian writer of fiction born in 1892, in "The Story of a Life" (translated by Joseph Barnes and published by Pantheon; ten dollars), an autobiography that takes him through his young manhood, or up to 1920. The books is copious, as the urgencies of its author's intentions require: an older man, a survivor, and a witness, he writes against time, to tell the young what the past was like, and to bring to life a host of human beings—cocky schoolboys, earnest schoolgirls, blind beggars—not because they were good or great but because they were. His work is nothing like an elegy, nor is it as routine as a backward glance at the good or bad old days. It is, rather, a series of sketches, stories, or novellas in which vanished people (including the author's young self) are present again—as they once walked in a park, or smiled, or wept—and made anew in man's most durable medium, language.

Paustovsky approaches the middle-class world of Kiev, where he grew up, with the love Thornton Wilder said was the bridge between the living and the dead, and with the artistic power to make his remembered loves yours: say, his older sister's friend Marusya Vesnitskaya, the prettiest girl in Kiev, as he recalls her waltzing on ice skates, holding her braids on her breast with one hand, while everybody, including the bandmaster, who had to turn his back to the musicians to do so, gazed at her. Most of the other figures in Paustovsky's boyhood—poor relations and rich ones, country cousins, a beautiful aunt who died young, a romantic black-sheep uncle, a grandmother who did not like to see youngsters reading unwholesome modern authors such as Ibsen—are types included in our own families. Paustovsky's affectionate scrutiny makes them individuals. It also delineates some characteristics of Russians of their time and class. All the kind, well-wishing people who had a hand in bringing up young Paustovsky were subversive. They believed Russia was a disaster, and distrusted and disliked all her rulers and every branch of the state, including the Orthodox Church. They loved Russia and hated all Russian institutions. Yet they were not revolutionaries, perhaps because they were lazy. The men seem not to have worked very hard or to have spent much time discussing business or their jobs. Long vacations enabled the author's family to pass a lot of time in the country—an asset to his book, for his descriptions of Russian landscapes are thrilling.

Paustovsky expends on places the same dedicated, particularizing attention he does on people. As he grows older, his childhood excursions are succeeded by extensive, often grim journeys; during the First World War, Paustovsky travelled along Russia's Western (Allied "Eastern") front as a medical orderly and within Russia as an inspector of artillery-shell casings; later he travelled as a newspaper reporter, and still later as a refugee. He calls up the physical appearance of old, unambitious Russia, a land scarcely affected by occasional odd, squalid little towns and settlements; they, rather, were overwhelmed by immensities of forest, plain, and water. He celebrates the emptiness of the land, and his memories in turn recall the evocations by European Romantics—Chateaubriand, for one—of empty North America and our own Romantic images of untouched land, such as Fenimore Cooper's forests. The romance of wildness is a refreshing change from the current worldwide romance of development, of exploitation of nature, but Paustovsky's splendidly non-utilitarian approach to land is excessive. Though he summered on family farms, he never tells us what the farms grew. And while he is emphatic about the distinction between his relatives and the owners of the great estates, he apparently never saw anybody bringing in the sheaves. He never lent a hand to farm chores, and he never says who did them. His countryside is made up of endless woods secreting stretches of clean, bright streams but no crops; he has speaking vignettes of a learned village pharmacist, a mind-your-own-business innkeeper, and a bold young bandit, but not of people who plowed or who watered the horses.

The First World War added new kinds of people to Paustovsky's acquaintance. He was ready for them. He had been taught to love "the people" (i.e., the lower orders)—a sentiment very different from our American notions that we are the people in one

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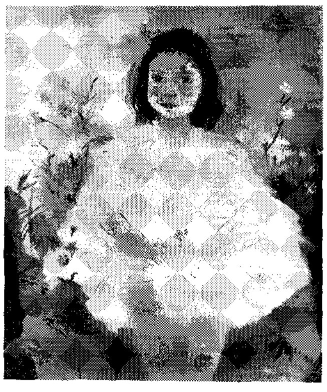

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sense and that "the people" in Paustovsky's sense doesn't exist—and, besides, his literary ambitions were developing. He wanted to expand his snug horizons so as to become a broader person and a better writer. Wherever he went, he invited confidences by his eagerness to listen—to the grievances of a henpecked retired general in Kiev or the anxieties of trolley-car conductors in Moscow. He seems to have had, and visibly, that trusting sweetness one often finds in characters who, like him, were the baby of the family.

His new acquaintances—among them the factory worker who invited him to write a revolutionary pamphlet for clandestine distribution and then, though apologizing for hurting his feelings, asked him to revise his high-flown language—educate us as much as they did Paustovsky. We have never lost a war, nobody can remember our Revolution, and our Civil War was a fairly coherent confrontation, while Russia's was an undecipherable mess—Paustovsky, then in the Ukraine, was at the mercy of four mutually hostile armies, plus bandits. I am weary of attempts to deform the reality of the events of that time by tidying them up and making an argument out of them; I want to know how they seemed to the sufferers. Paustovsky tells. How do people who think of themselves as a great, righteous nation accept defeats in war? They don't immediately leap to the conclusion that they have been betrayed. They are suspicious, but mainly—and rather touchingly—they are puzzled. And how do they respond to the news of revolution? They try to make themselves worthy of it. Or so they did in February, 1917, in Yefremov, a town—Paustovsky tells us—that Chekhov called "the incarnation of the Russian wilderness." When the Bolsheviks took over in Moscow, in October, it happened as street fighting that caught Paustovsky by surprise. His apartment was in no man's land. How did the Bolsheviks make themselves palatable (insofar as they did)? He saw Lenin exercising his famous persuasiveness. As a reporter, early in 1918 (the Bolsheviks later suppressed the newspaper for which he worked), he was sent to cover Lenin's speech to a mass of very nearly mutinous peasant soldiers; Paustovsky describes a large barracks packed with armed, sullen, rough men, and the unrhetorical, intimate manner in which Lenin spoke. Then he seems to digress. He is an irrepressible storyteller, and suddenly he is telling you about a soldier who stood

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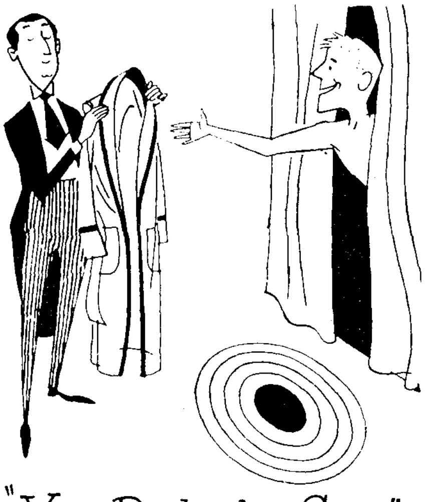

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alongside and insisted on showing a snapshot of his dead wife and talking about himself. But of course it is not a digression; it's both sides of the relation, leader and follower—not as a footnote to history but as a marvellous, four-page short story.

The book is flawed by little homilies and pep talks, addressed primarily, I suppose, to Russian readers. These passages have the air of inserting extraneous purposes in a self-sustaining book—Paustovsky's apologias for not having been a Bolshevik, for having spent his youth memorizing poetry instead of learning Marxism (a wholly understandable choice that he blames on his "idealist education"); or his furiously intolerant diatribes against religion; or his assertions that Russia is to be loved because the scenery is the world's most beautiful, that Russian literature is the world's greatest, as her language is the most expressive and her people the grandest. These assertions would be out of place in this book even if they were true. They may be appeals to people today who, as Paustovsky's parents did, believe that they are better than the system they live under. Or perhaps these interruptions reflect a current Russian need for optimistic affirmation, for reassurance. We may skip these paragraphs or find in them another sort of reassurance—that the opinions of a good writer cannot really spoil good writing. If Paustovsky prefers to love his living ghosts because they are Russians, we are free to love them because they are human beings. When he cancels their deaths, he uplifts our hearts.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

•

> *He came to Texarkana in the summer of 1960. The Olson's two children, Amy and Mark, were born here. They live at 2317 Shady Avenue. Mrs. Olson was a speech therapist assisting at the Temple Home for Children.*
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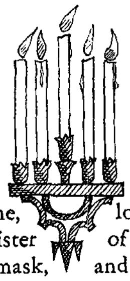

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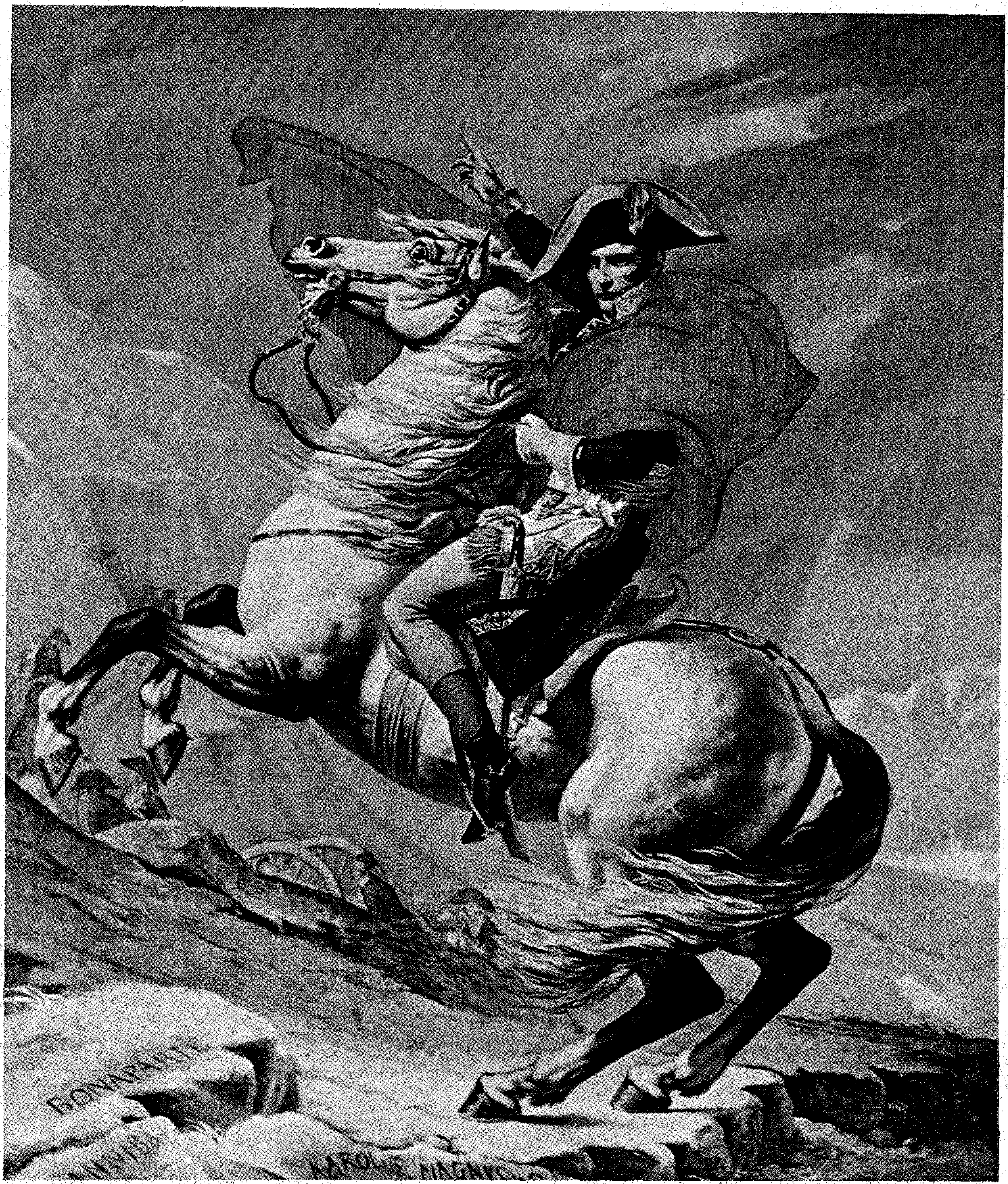

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